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THE POPE AND THE EMPEROR.

IN the early part of last August the POPE took it into his head to write a letter to the German EMPEROR on the subject of the recent measures directed in Prussia, and in a less degree in Germany, against the Romish priests. It was a letter eminently characteristic, the real honest overflow of the inmost feelings of the aged and venerable writer. The POPE, credulous and enthusiastic, blinded by the prejudices of a clique, full of love and of spite, of blessing and of cursing, shows in every line of it. The POPE has heard a thing, and chooses to think it is true; therefore to him it is true, as true as that the sun shines in a clear sky at midday. He has been informed that the EMPEROR is a poor deluded creature, led on by dark spirits to do things of which he is ashamed and repents. This unfortunate vacillating heretic has got into bad hands, and the POPE's heart bleeds for him, and urges him to gather together as much courage as he can, and change his course while it may yet be time. And then this EMPEROR who is now so bad was once so good, and used to write to the POPE such beautiful letters, and do everything he was bid. Even if there were not these affectionate memories to stir his mind, the POPE would still let the EMPEROR know the real state of things, and give him good counsel; for the Emperor WILLIAM has been baptized, and so belongs "in some way or other, which to define more precisely would "be out of place," to the POPE; and it must be owned that most baptized people who do not comply with the POPE's wishes have been so far recognized as belonging to him that they have never failed to learn from him how damnably he thinks they behave. But in addressing the Protestant EMPEROR the POPE condescends to take somewhat lower ground than satisfies him when he is addressing an erring sheep like VICTOR EMMANUEL. It is no use whitening the lily or damning a heretic. But a heretic is open to fears of temporal penalties, and so the POPE asks whether the EMPEROR is not sharp enough to see that, by permitting the wicked measures of his Government to be carried out, he is really undermining his own throne, and causing his new fine Empire to crumble to pieces. If anything could frighten the EMPEROR, this stroke of clerical art might be relied on to do it. What makes the POPE's letter interesting is that he so evidently thought it a matchless piece of composition. The letter had got everything in it that it could have. The grounds on which it was written were shown: the good behaviour of the EMPEROR in old days, and the duty of the POPE to preach the truth to one belonging to him in an indefinable manner by baptism; the heinous nature of the offence, allowing measures to be taken against the religion of JESUS CHRIST; the mode in which the EMPEROR had fallen, by becoming the silly tool of bad men; and the sad consequences, the undermining of his throne—all were put perfectly clearly; and then the letter ends with kind, gentle words of love. Surely the EMPEROR who could read unmoved such a perfect model of ecclesiastical letter-writing must have a heart as hard as the nether millstone.

The EMPEROR's reply bears date in September, so that time was taken to answer the POPE's letter; enough time, it may be suspected, for one of those bad men at whose influence the POPE hinted to have had something to do with the framing of the answer. But if Prince BISMARCK helped his Royal master with the matter of the letter sent from Berlin, he was far too wise to interfere with the manner. It is written in the peculiar vein of thought dear to the Emperor WILLIAM. It takes quite as high ground as

that taken by the POPE, and the EMPEROR lets the POPE know that he too has a mission, that of keeping the peace and upholding the laws in the States entrusted to his care. As to the special contents of the POPE's letter, all that the EMPEROR cares to say is that, whereas the POPE avowedly wrote to him on information the POPE had received, this information was entirely wrong. His Holiness is entreated to observe that he is writing about matters of which he knows nothing whatever. The POPE has been told, and in his easy credulity believed, that the EMPEROR did not approve of the measures of his Government. The fact is that the EMPEROR entirely approves of them. The POPE has been so ill-guided as to believe that the cause of religion and of truth is at stake, whereas all that the EMPEROR and his Government had been doing is to protect his country against intrigues with which neither religion nor truth has anything to do. The POPE chooses to assume that it is the EMPEROR and his Government who are irreligious; whereas, on the contrary, it is the Catholic priests who are transgressing a clear Christian duty and rebelling against those who are set over them. So much for the POPE's information; and as for his belief that the EMPEROR in some subtle way belongs to him, the EMPEROR can only set against this his belief that he does not belong to the POPE at all. The EMPEROR's letter is a very good letter in its way, and there is in it something personal and peculiar to the writer, which saves it from being a mere exposition of one mode of regarding an important political question. But just as it is impossible that the POPE's letter should make any impression whatever on any one who does not recognize the Papal pretensions, so is it impossible that the EMPEROR's letter should make any impression on any one who does heartily recognize them. The POPE says that he is commissioned to put the Church above the State, and the EMPEROR replies that he is commissioned to keep the State above the Church. Those who think the POPE is right will like the POPE's letter; and those who think the EMPEROR is right will like the EMPEROR's letter; but no partisan of either side will be in any way affected by the letter which the chief of the other side has written.

These letters are not, however, wholly destitute of political importance. The POPE's letter shows that those who inform the POPE have constantly in their minds the connexion between the clerical agitation in Germany and the undermining of the throne of the KING and EMPEROR. The reply from Berlin can scarcely fail to put an end to the rumour which has often been current, that the King of PRUSSIA did not more than half like the violent measures into which Prince BISMARCK was drawing him. It will also have the effect of putting to Prussian subjects the alternative between loyalty and disloyalty; and in all issues such as that now raised sentiment decides so many minds, that the KING's appeal to the loyalty of his subjects will not perhaps be unproductive of results. At any rate the vigour with which the Prussian Government is carrying out its ecclesiastical policy has been in no way mitigated since the POPE's letter was received. The episcopal authorities who appoint incumbents in contravention of the new laws are fined; the incumbents illegally appointed are forcibly prevented from officiating. Educational establishments not furnishing the information or declining the inspection which the Government is authorised by law to require are closed. It may be observed that the measures of the Government against the priests are of two different characters. Up to a certain point the Government is dealing with the Romish Church

as with an Established Church. It gives money to bishops, and tells them that they shall lose this money, or pay money to the State, if they appoint dangerous persons to be incumbents. It gives money to incumbents, and tells them that they shall not begin to receive this money without the Government being satisfied that they are not dangerous. The incumbent is also a State official, so far as giving baptismal and marriage certificates for civil purposes is concerned, and the State says that he shall not act as one of its officials unless he shows that he is a loyal subject. So far the State gives a temporal position on its own conditions, and every Established Church which quarrels with the State can be attacked in this way simply because it is an Established Church. But when the State, as now in Prussia, prevents all foreign priests from having the cure of souls, breaks up institutions belonging to the Jesuits and other bodies which it thinks dangerous, and insists that all priests officiating in Prussia shall have received a lay as well as a theological education, it is not fixing its own conditions for the enjoyment of temporal benefits—it is endeavouring to prevent the propagation of a set of opinions the effects of which it considers dangerous to itself. The set of opinions to suppress which the Prussian Government aims are really those embodied in the Syllabus, and the POPE naturally considers the contents of the Syllabus and the religion of JESUS CHRIST to be exactly the same thing. For those who reject the Syllabus altogether, or who hold its theories vaguely in solution with the contradictory theory that their own temporal Government must be upheld against all Powers whatever, the question is not whether the State may not take extreme precautions to avoid extreme dangers, but what is the real amount of danger at any given moment. If the Clerical and Legitimist party miss the great prize in France for which they have been so fiercely striving, the Prussian Government may discover that there is no immediate reason for exacting a very strict compliance with the new ecclesiastical laws; and when HENRY V. is comfortably established for life as the Count of CHAMBORD, the Emperor WILLIAM may some day, if their lives are prolonged, once more write to the POPE letters like those with which in former days the POPE was so much pleased.

SPAIN.

THE prospects of the Spanish Government seem on the whole to be improving. It is difficult or impossible to ascertain the actual results of the engagements which occur from time to time between the Government forces and the Carlists or the Carthagena rebels; but it is something that there is a regular army in the field, and that the insurgents have at least no longer the undisputed command of the sea. For the moment, indeed, the blockade of Carthagena has been raised by the extraordinary conduct of Admiral LOBO, who, after once defeating the insurgents, suddenly fled without firing a shot when a second engagement was impending. The Government has shown, however, that it does not approve his pusillanimous retreat by instantly recalling him and by despatching the MINISTER of MARINE to take command of the fleet and renew the conflict. The bungling sea-fight in which Admiral LOBO obtained a temporary advantage ought to convince the Ministers and their supporters that their complaints of the conduct of the English Government are unfounded. But for a breach of neutrality in the seizure and subsequent transfer of the *Vittoria* and *Almansa*, the insurgents would have possessed uncontested superiority at sea; nor is it certain that in that case the whole course of the civil war might not have been altered. It would be difficult to defend the conduct of the English Government, except on the ground that it was dictated by entire good faith. The insurgents would have a perfect right to object to interference if only they had secured a position which gave them an opportunity of remonstrating. Even with the aid of the two ironclad vessels which have been restored, the Madrid fleet would scarcely be a match for the insurgents if they had the good fortune to possess disciplined crews or capable commanders. Few stranger episodes have occurred in history than the maritime tournaments which are now celebrated at Carthagena in the presence of critical spectators belonging to three or four neutral nations. During an exchange of broadsides which seems to have been less awkwardly managed than the rest of the operations, the crew of an English ship paid both parties the compliment of a round of cheers. The conflict was

happily almost bloodless; and it may be hoped that in a short time a purposeless and ridiculous war may terminate in submission and amnesty. With commendable inconsistency, the insurgents who undertook to establish anarchy have maintained a kind of order in Carthagena; and it is said that even the convicts who were released and armed have discontinued their habits of rapine and murder. There is no apparent pretext for further resistance; but it is impossible to understand the motives of Spanish soldiers or politicians. If the Carthagena fleet should obtain a victory, it may perhaps be thought worth while to continue the rebellion for the purpose of levying contributions on the neighbouring maritime towns. Neither party seems for the present disposed to attempt serious operations by land.

In the late battle between OLLO and MORIONES, it would seem that the Carlists remained in possession of the field; but on the following day they were compelled by want of ammunition to retreat to Estella. In the present state of the contest an indecisive battle is probably more disadvantageous to the Royalists than to the Republicans. The inhabitants of the Carlist provinces are reasonably discontented with the policy or strategy of the generals who make their country the permanent seat of war; and it is becoming evident that in other parts of Spain the cause of Legitimacy is hopeless. In a short time the Ministry at Madrid will derive from their new levies the means of reinforcing their armies in the North; and the despondency which had been produced by a rapid succession of disasters is checked by a growing confidence in the ability and fortune of CASTELAR. Even the prolonged resistance of Carthagena has proved the weakness of the cantonal insurrection, since no other town or district has created a diversion by proclaiming its own separate independence. The inaction of the besieging army is perhaps caused by an expectation that the rebels may submit when they despair of ultimate success. The contest in the meantime proceeds in a singularly amicable spirit, and the Republican General addresses his rebel opponent in the most affectionate and deferential language. It is perfectly natural that in a country which has long been ruled by adventurers, and distracted with unprincipled factions, the sense of moral indignation which depends on political principle should give way to polite impartiality. The rebels of Carthagena are only illustrating by exaggeration the doctrines which were long consistently maintained by the members of the present Government. When it is admitted that obedience to constituted authority depends on agreement with the political opinions of the Government, no rebellion can be regarded as culpable, except when it involves a miscalculation of forces.

The leaders of the Conservative party who have returned to Madrid concur in the expediency of supporting the present Government; and although during the convenient suspension of the sittings of the Cortes it is not easy to understand how they can influence the course of public affairs, the absence of political opposition, and of the plots into which it ordinarily degenerates in Spain, will relieve CASTELAR from anxiety and perhaps from danger. If SERRANO still retains any portion of his former influence with the army, he may perhaps render effective aid in the suppression of the different rebellions, although he is not himself prepared to accept any military command. He is on sufficiently confidential terms with CASTELAR to have advised him to appoint one of the two Generals CONCHA as Captain-General in Cuba, and the other as Commander-in-Chief in the North; but the choice of the Government cannot be determined by exclusively professional considerations. The leader of a victorious army necessarily exercises political power in Spain; and none of SERRANO's friends and former comrades have heretofore approved of the Republic, except as a provisional arrangement. At a late meeting of the chiefs of the Conservative party there was a unanimous feeling that the present Ministers ought to be assisted in their efforts to suppress anarchy and civil war, but a wide difference of opinion prevailed as to the expediency of accepting the Republic. Admiral TOPETE indeed declared in favour of a Unitarian Republic, for the singular reason that there was no other security against the triumph of the partisans of DON ALFONSO, although they have of late not even ventured to announce their pretensions. It is strange that an honest politician who has hitherto been a consistent advocate of Monarchy should entertain an insuperable objection to the accession of the only possible candidate for the throne. The errors of Queen ISABELLA can scarcely be held to be fatal to the claims of her son; and

the Duke of MONTPEISIER, who was formerly preferred by Admiral TOPETE, no longer advances pretensions which would in any case be inadmissible. After the treatment which King AMADEO received from the nation which had invited him to ascend the throne, no foreign prince will be ambitious of a thankless and dangerous promotion. The Republic has at present no active opponents except among the jarring Republican factions; but if royalty is at any time restored, Don ALFONSO has the best chance of succeeding.

An overture of alliance made by Señor MARTOS on behalf of the old Radical or Progressist party has been courteously declined by the Conservatives, who for the most part belonged to the former Liberal Union. In the rapid changes of Spanish politics, distinctions of party have often been effaced, or even reversed; and the so-called Radicals were driven out of the first Republican Cabinet as reactionary supporters of the Monarchy. ZORRILLA, who in office and in opposition was the acknowledged leader of the Radicals, maintains almost alone complete abstinence from public affairs. There appears to be no sufficient reason for the refusal of SAGASTA or SERRANO to co-operate with ZORRILLA's political friends; and perhaps the postponement of a closer connexion may be explained by a prudent fear of embarrassing the present Government. The only Republic to which either Conservatives or Radicals could offer their adhesion would be founded on the assumption of the absolute unity of Spain. CASTELAR, though he is actively engaged in counteracting the tendency of the provinces to secede, is encumbered by his former professions of Federalist doctrines. It would be highly impolitic to force him either to repudiate or to reassert principles which he is willing from patriotic motives practically to disavow. If Federalism only means administrative decentralization, there is no reason why it should be more attainable under a Republic than under a Monarchy. Like all other theories which have become the watchword of political factions, the phrase had acquired in Spain a secondary or accidental interpretation. The Federal Republicanism of CASTELAR was probably a vague expression signifying extreme democracy; and the anarchists through the country understood that under a Federal system they were themselves to exercise absolute power over the persons and property of their neighbours. The Unitarian Republic which approves itself to the judgment of TOPETE and other Conservative politicians is more moderate and more reasonable than any imaginary Federation, but it has the disadvantage of not commanding the genuine support of any section of the community. The Progressists and Radicals only accept the Republic in any form as a compromise; and the Republicans, until they derived instruction from recent experience, were almost universally pledged to the Federal doctrine. It is nevertheless possible that all parties may for a time agree on a form of Government which none of them really prefer. The result may perhaps be affected by the course of events in France. The maintenance of the Republic in that country has become more probable, in consequence of the precipitancy of the Legitimists, of the abdication of the ORLEANS Princes, and of the obstinacy of the Count of CHAMBORD. The influence of French example has always been great in Spain.

THE TAUNTON CONTEST.

THE success of the SOLICITOR-GENERAL at Taunton must be very gratifying to the Government, and is very encouraging to the Liberal party. Most moderate and impartial men, too, will be glad that a law officer who was clearly entitled to promotion, who had not intrigued for his office or purchased it by subserviency, who conducted himself in a sharp electoral contest with courage and good sense, and who was subjected to some amount of not over-scrupulous opposition, has carried the day. How it happened that he not only won, but won by a majority of 87, is not to be explained, except by those possessing a very intricate knowledge of the local politics of Taunton. The SOLICITOR-GENERAL polled nine votes, and nine votes only, more than he polled in 1868, which shows that the Liberal party kept well together and did its best for him, but not that it had received any great accession of strength. What gave him on Monday so considerable a majority was that the Conservative candidate received much fewer votes than his predecessor received in 1868. Then Sergeant Cox polled 918, and now Sir ALFRED SLADE has only polled 812. The votes given to Sergeant COX were reduced on a scrutiny to

889; and as the object of a scrutiny is attained if either party has a bare majority, there may have been more votes that could have been struck off, and it is not, therefore, quite certain that 889 Conservatives with unassailable votes polled in 1868; but at any rate a much larger number of such voters supported their candidate five years ago than have supported his successor now. The cheering news of the Liberal victory at Bath, and the stimulating effects of Mr. DISRAELI's letter, may have given strength, spirit, and coherence to the Liberal force, but they can hardly have made any large number of Conservatives abstain from voting. The election was, in short, won by Conservative inaction, and Liberals who have been going through so long a period of Liberal inaction must be delighted to think that at last their opponents are suffering from the same malady. It is perfectly futile to attempt to invent any reasons to account for this amount of Conservative inaction in a small Somersetshire town. The Conservatives may not have thought much of their candidate, who generally employed a gentleman to talk for him, and got into wild language when he tried to speak for himself. They may not have relished the facility with which he seemed inclined to fall in with any crotchets which might gain him a few votes. They may possibly have had some scruples about interfering with the re-election of an honourable opponent whose career has been in every way a credit to the borough he represents. But these are all guesses, and all we know is that the Conservatives did not poll nearly so many votes as they did five years ago, and that the SOLICITOR-GENERAL has been elected. His re-election by a decisive majority, the Liberal victory at Bath, and Mr. DISRAELI's letter have in a very considerable degree changed the position of the Government. It will be satisfactory to them if they can retain the Liberal seat at Hull, but it will not much damage them if they cannot. They have gained breathing-time and peace, and have now a fair opportunity of trying whether, in a fresh Session, they can do anything to revive their reputation, and show that painful experience has taught them to avoid gross blunders.

Sir ALFRED SLADE was much disappointed at the result, and very naturally, for he had received promises from one hundred and fifty persons who did not vote for him. What pained him particularly was that he could not, under the Ballot, know who were the voters who kept their promises and who were the voters who broke them. All he could do was to leave the memory of the election to the consciences of all his nominal supporters—to the happy consciences of those who had been faithful, and to the remorseful consciences of those who had been treacherous. How far the consciences of those who under the Ballot make promises and break them are likely to be remorseful, is a curious question of some practical interest. It is obvious that in a small constituency where every one is known, and where influence of all kinds can be brought to bear without any infraction of the law, the thought must come into many minds that to promise a vote is much the easiest way of escaping solicitation. The voter can promise not one side only but both, and so make friends of the Mammon of unrighteousness all round, and yet remain as free as air, and able to express his principles or gratify his caprices at the polling-booth without the slightest regard to the promises he has made. It was, indeed, one favourite argument with the ardent supporters of the Ballot while the measure was under discussion that coercion would be found useless; because, although those who were under subjection were sure to promise to vote as they were asked, no one would believe that they would keep their word simply because they had given it; and if every one open to coercion kept his promise, it is difficult to see how the Ballot would interfere with coercion at all. The same may be said as to the system introduced by the Conservatives, which consists in requesting all Conservative voters who have voted for the party candidate to give up a card to the agents of the party. This giving up a card amounts to an assertion that the voter has voted in a particular way; and if the system could be rigidly carried out, if voters who had promised to vote for the Conservatives were subjected to annoyance if they did not give up their card, and only gave it up when, in point of fact, they had voted as they promised to vote, the whole scheme of the Ballot would be made nugatory; or, if it fulfilled its aim, the voter would be gently led on to a double deception, in order that he might avail himself of his legal rights. He would first promise without performing, and then assert

that he had kept his promise when he had not. Fortunately there is as yet no reason to suppose that the Conservative agents have made the device of requesting cards to be given up an instrument of any kind of oppression; but it is obvious that it might easily become so, and as it seems to fail as a means of learning from time to time the state of the poll, it will be satisfactory to hear that it is likely to be abandoned before long. The broken promises given at Taunton were probably due to nothing that can be called coercion. They were rather the fruits of too ready a wish to please. If, however, canvassing only results in obtaining promises which are not meant to be kept, and are only on a level with the polite assurances of a Spanish host that his house and everything in it are at your disposal, canvassing, it may be thought, can be of no use, and will soon be looked on as a very troublesome and antiquated usage. This would be a very pleasant result for candidates, but in real life there is no chance of it. Every constituency wishes to be canvassed according to the system of canvassing that is possible in it; and in boroughs small enough to make personal canvassing possible, a candidate must undertake it and work very hard at it if he wishes to succeed. Those who are indifferent cease to be indifferent if only one of the two gentlemen who wish to get into Parliament comes to see them, and those who believe themselves to have some political prepossessions think that there is something due on both sides, and that if they vote for their man, he at least ought to take the trouble to come to see them. But it certainly adds to the pains and terrors of canvassing to know that now the utmost success it can produce may be illusory, and that the civil voter who seems to yield so pleasantly to reason or blandishment may be thinking how secretly and safely he can follow his own fancy on the day of election.

The Taunton election also suggests another operation of the Ballot. Mr. JAMES showed the utmost resolution in refusing to ally himself with any of the small cliques that attempt to make an election turn on the adoption by candidates of some trumpery crotchet which these cliques are pleased to consider all important. More especially he stood firmly aloof from the lady agitators in favour of female suffrage. The Conservatives were not so high-minded, but even they were obliged to draw the line. Their candidate permitted these ladies to hope that his vote in Parliament would be on their side; but when they asked to be allowed to stand by his side and address a Conservative mob, their modest request was refused. Wives are recognized as entitled to do all they can for their husbands, and the persevering efforts of Mrs. BARNETT and Mrs. HATTEY extorted general admiration at Dover and Bath; but when a man is asked to stand on a balcony in company with a "social failure" who is an entire stranger to him, the sense of the ridiculous overpowers him. The publicans, too, of Taunton, or at least a large number of them, held a meeting to decide whether the interests of beer ought not to prevail over every other consideration, and a slender majority decided that the whole vote of the trade should be given to the Conservative candidate. The minority protested, and it is obvious that under the Ballot a protesting minority can vote exactly as they please. The Ballot may, in fact, do much to interfere with the success of candidates who sell themselves to cliques, and much to aid the success of candidates who resist them. A great many voters heartily dislike and resent the dictation which these cliques attempt to exercise, and may easily come to the conclusion that they will punish the candidate who yields to this dictation, although he is the candidate of their own party. They will not openly separate from their party, for that would cause them much annoyance, and subject them to many reproaches. But when the day of election comes they will vote against their own side. It is quite conceivable that, in such a place as Dewsbury, Liberals who found their representative coquetting with a faction that seeks to break up the Empire might say very little against him, but, when the day of election came, might help to bring in his opponent. This consideration no doubt brings a candidate to look at elections from a low point of view, and there is nothing grand or admirable in the conduct of electors who affect to support their party, and yet secretly vote against it. But candidates who are ready to buy the support of cliques start with a willingness to look at elections from a low point of view. The only way of instilling into them sufficient firmness to resist the dictation of cliques is to induce them to believe that they will be making a bad bargain if they yield; and one of the most

valuable results of the Taunton election will be to make timid time-serving candidates suspect that such a bargain may probably be a very bad one.

THE FRENCH ELECTIONS.

A GENERAL election could hardly have been more significant of the feeling of the French people towards the Fusion than the four elections which were held last Sunday. The Republican victories have not been won in the great cities which cherish a fanatical hatred to Monarchy. The field of battle has been those rural districts which French Conservatism has especially made its own. Nor were the defeated candidates men of strong Monarchical professions. On the contrary, they carefully avoided all reference to the Fusion in their addresses, and presented themselves simply as friends of peace and order. A year ago they might have been ranked among Conservative Republicans, and in that character would very probably have been returned. If there had been any sneaking kindness for Monarchy in the hearts of the electors, they might easily have voted for them without avowing any desire for a Restoration. But so far were they from feeling anything of the kind, that even the suspicion of being a Royalist was enough to discredit a candidate in their opinion. All they asked in their representative was that he should be a Republican. If he were a moderate Republican, Radical Republicans voted for him as enthusiastically as though he had been a man of their own way of thinking. If he were a Radical Republican, moderate Republicans were equally ready to give him their support. The differences which separate the two sections of the party—differences at other times so vital and far-reaching—have for the time disappeared. There is a matter on which they are agreed, and which, as long as it is unsettled, reduces their differences to nothing. To this united Republican party has been joined a vast concourse of allies who till now scarcely knew that they were Republicans. They were Conservatives and nothing more, and if the Fusion had never been effected, they would have remained Conservatives and nothing more. Indeed, it is their very Conservatism that has suddenly made them Republicans. They find the name appropriated by a party in whose mouths Conservatism means a change backwards. The French peasant does not wish to return to some former state, he only wants to be let alone in the state in which he is. The Government which he thinks will best ensure him this is the Government which he is determined to support. It was the great triumph of M. THIERS that he was able, during the two years he was in power, to present the Republic in this light. It is now proposed to substitute for this Republic a Monarchy with which the peasant has no associations but such as to him are worse than any number of revolutions. The Count of CHAMBORD may be misunderstood and misrepresented; though, if so, he is misunderstood and misrepresented by those who claim to know him best. But where the chances of a Restoration are concerned, the important point is not what he is, but what he is thought to be; and, judged by this standard, his name is the symbol of political and ecclesiastical reaction. The *Journal de Paris*, the leading Orleanist organ, frankly admits this. A great part of the electorate, it says, is persuaded that the restoration of the Monarchy would be equivalent to a restoration of ecclesiastical supremacy, and against the political domination of the clergy the French peasant cherishes a hatred which has become hereditary. Upon this point he will listen to no arguments. You may lead him where you will in any other direction; but in this direction, or in what he suspects to be this direction, he will not move an inch. The Duke of BROGLIE has said that a clerical restoration is impossible; the Count of CHAMBORD has said that he does not desire such a restoration. But the peasant is obstinate; his suspicions have not been shaken, and the elections of Sunday last are his answer to the Royalist summons.

This account of the matter is beyond all question the true one. The moral which the *Journal de Paris* draws from it is, that it is no good waiting till these prejudices are removed. The Monarchy must be restored, and then, when the peasants see that this restoration is not attended by the consequences they dread, they will by degrees come to regard it with more favour. Those Frenchmen who are first Royalists and then Conservatives will think this the most natural order of proceeding. Those who are before all things Conservative will be inclined to ask themselves what good is to follow from thus running counter to the

wishes of the great mass of the nation. In what respect, they will say, can the Government of the King be better able to maintain order than the Government of the Republic? It will not unite the Conservatives more closely among themselves, for the late elections have made it clear that some of the most Conservative elements in the nation are heartily opposed to it. It cannot hope to put down insurrection more decidedly, for the most formidable insurrection which ever confronted a French Government was put down by the Republic. Granting that the notions of the peasantry about the Count of CHAMBORD and his relations with the Church have no foundation in fact, why should we risk our fortunes in the keeping of a ruler about whom such notions are commonly entertained? Granting, again, that the Radicals are as dangerous as the Royalists make them out to be, the Republic is better able to control them than a King will be. If France once more becomes a legitimate and hereditary Monarchy, the Radicals will secure a great deal of sympathy, and even of co-operation, which, if they had been conspiring against a President instead of against a King, would have been entirely withheld from them. A throne will add no real strength to French Conservatism; it will be merely an additional position to be defended. All this would be true if the Count of CHAMBORD's repudiation of clerical sympathies could be accepted as satisfactory. But is there any reason why it should be thus accepted? It may be admitted to be sincere, as far as it goes; but then to ascertain its meaning it must be read in common with his own former declaration and with the language of his most consistent supporters. The *Journal de Paris* confesses that the impolitic language of certain religious newspapers is a weapon in the hands of their adversaries; but what ground is there for believing that the language of these newspapers does not represent the Count's views more accurately than the language of the more secular journals which support his cause? How should men who have all their lives been partisans of a rebel dynasty, and whose repentance is not yet three months old, presume to be more intimate with HENRY V. than the men who have been Legitimists from the moment they were old enough to take any part in politics? Ecclesiastical reaction is a question of degree. The most ignorant peasant does not suppose that the Count of CHAMBORD will set up the Inquisition, and the *Univers* itself has graciously announced that the Eldest Son of the Church will not compel his subjects to go to mass. But the *Univers* would not be so ardently Royalist if it did not believe that the Church would profit by the Count of CHAMBORD's return; and the French peasant has no mind that the clergy should have any more power than they have now.

The Ministry have in some measure themselves to thank for the importance which will be attached to the recent contests. They allowed it to be understood that one main reason why the Right was resolved to drive M. THIERS from power was, that it distrusted his management of the elections. Their theory was that Frenchmen usually vote as the Government for the time being wishes them to vote, and they complained that M. THIERS, instead of turning this disposition to good account, allowed the electors to think that anybody who called himself a Republican was a friend to the Republican Government. It cannot be pleaded that the present Administration has erred in this way. The Duke of BROGLIE has again and again declared that he will use every legal means to put down Radicalism, and the MINISTER of the INTERIOR showed by his famous Circular to the Prefects what a liberal interpretation he was prepared to put upon the term legal means. The Right has been completely beaten upon a ground which it had itself chosen. It assumed the control of the elections on the plea that, if they were properly conducted, the real feeling of the country would be unmistakably manifested, and would be found to be in complete harmony with that of the majority in the Assembly. The real feeling of the country has been unmistakably manifested, but before it can be described as in harmony with that of the majority in the Assembly, the work of the 24th of May must be undone, and the majority must again become Republican. The Government has committed another blunder in not filling up all the vacant seats at the same time. If fourteen elections, instead of four, had been held last Sunday, the impression made on the country would not have been much more marked, while the process of forgetting it might have begun at once. As it is, another election must be held this very month, and two or three more in the course of November. In this way public excitement will be

kept up by the spectacle of one Republican victory after another, and wavering deputies will have full time to reflect upon their chances of re-election if they go against the wishes of their constituents in the decisive division. The prospect that they will be consoled, if they do so, by finding themselves in the majority grows steadily less. M. ROUHER's letter is conclusive as to the action of the Bonapartists in the Assembly. The Imperialists have as little to hope from a general election as the partisans of the Count of CHAMBORD, but what chances they have depend upon the Republic being allowed sufficient rope to hang itself. It is quite certain that the Government which follows the Government of HENRY V. will be Republican, and in this way the possibility of any realization of Bonapartist hopes would be indefinitely postponed. The belief that the Republic cannot succeed in keeping the Radicals under control leads them to the same practical conclusion as the belief of the Left Centre that the Republic can alone succeed in keeping the Radicals under control. In a Parliamentary struggle votes count more than motives; and though the Bonapartists will again be enemies of the Republic the moment the Republic is secured against a Royalist Restoration, they may be useful auxiliaries in the interval.

INTERNATIONAL JURISTS.

MR. DUDLEY FIELD, as appeared from his address to the Social Science Association at Norwich, agreed seven years ago with other ambitious jurists to produce by their combined efforts a code of international law, including provisions for arbitration. His partners in the undertaking either directed their energies into other channels, or satisfied themselves by reflection, and perhaps by experiment, that the enterprise was intrinsically impracticable. The old want of a fulcrum from which the material universe was to be moved reappears with every attempt to escape from the actual conditions of life. The problem proposed to themselves by international legislators is to obtain from independent nations the same obedience which would be rendered to authority by the subjects of a single Government. It is not impossible to construct a code of moral obligation, and to assume that it has obtained some kind of legal sanction; but, even if Mr. DUDLEY FIELD could persuade all civilized States to acquiesce in his proposed enactments, the executive force which is essential to the very existence of law cannot be provided except by the abolition of independence. It has often been remarked that the notion of international law was originally rendered credible by the practice of the Holy Roman Empire, where potentates, in other respects practically independent, were to a certain extent subject to coercive jurisdiction. In the feudal kingdoms of the middle ages, the superior lord exercised, when he was strong enough, a similar control over powerful vassals; and the Popes, when they were at the height of their power, claimed a kind of censorial authority, which was enforced sometimes by means of spiritual censures, and more often by the arm of secular allies. The early writers on international law scarcely attempt to distinguish between moral duty and legal obligation. Courts of Admiralty have applied rules which had previously obtained more or less general acceptance to persons and property within their own municipal jurisdiction; and between particular States a kind of statutory law has in some cases been established by treaties. It is desirable that public law, as far as it has been defined, should be generally respected; but the whole fabric is founded on voluntary and continuous contract.

It is of course impossible to judge of the merits of Mr. FIELD's code from his general explanation of his purpose, or even from his summary of its contents. His plan appears to be comprehensive, and it may possibly be exhaustive; nor can it be doubted that an elaborate treatise on private and public rights which may be connected with international law is likely to be useful. Questions of domicile, of allegiance, of disposition by will, of maritime collision, and many other subjects or incidents of litigation, involve much uncertainty and complication. In the great majority of cases which occur in time of peace the municipal court determines without dispute the extent of its own jurisdiction. When the rights of sovereigns are involved, the question is sometimes discussed between the respective Governments; but nothing is rarer than a national dispute arising from the ordinary proceedings of courts of law. The occasional seizure of foreign smuggling vessels on the high seas

approaches, as an exercise of force, more nearly to one of the acts which constantly cause misunderstanding between belligerents and neutrals; but in all the wide range which Mr. DUDLEY FIELD appears to have traversed in his recent labours, the subject-matter lies within the province rather of lawyers than of Social Science reformers. The principle that aliens are liable in common with subjects to municipal jurisdiction solves in principle a large part of the difficulties which from time to time occur, although complicated questions may arise on its application to the facts of a particular case. The ancient and barbarous custom by which the goods of foreigners dying in France were formerly liable to forfeiture, however repugnant to common sense and to national equity, could not be regarded as a violation of international law. It might perhaps be convenient that civilized States should as far as possible adopt the same rules of jurisprudence on all points in which the subjects of any Government are liable to the jurisdiction of foreign Courts; but the matter is not one of urgent necessity; and the two greatest commercial nations acknowledge by a happy accident precisely the same maxims of jurisprudence. In all that relates to private rights it is unnecessary to devise a new code for England and the United States. In both countries the doctrine of indefeasible allegiance was until lately maintained, and the differences of opinion which afterwards arose have now been settled by treaty. The courts of both countries administer the same law in all questions of property.

Other methods for promoting cosmopolitan unity or uniformity lie outside the domain of law. Identity of coinage and of money, of account, of weights and measures, and of other instruments of exchange, would produce more or less convenience to that portion of every community which either travels abroad or engages in foreign commerce. It is generally thought that the Germans have made a mistake in allowing a fractional difference of value between their principal gold coin and the English sovereign; and, on the other hand, some theorists would assimilate the English coinage to the French. The domestic transactions of every community are so greatly more numerous and more important than international dealings that no increased facility to travellers would compensate for the substitution in England of francs for shillings. Not one person in ten thousand has occasion in the course of his life to reduce cubic yards into metres; but legislators of the Social Science order have amused themselves with the harmless triumph of hanging up tables of metrical measurement on the walls of elementary schools. The most ambitious and sanguine of living advocates of uniformity is the President of the UNITED STATES who not long since anticipated in his Message to Congress the universal adoption throughout the world of the American Constitution and the English language. That national differences tend to the full and vigorous development of human faculties, and that it would scarcely be expedient to abolish the literature of France, of Italy, and of Germany, are considerations too remote for the apprehension of General GRANT, or perhaps of the Social Science Association. Mr. FIELD as a practical lawyer has reason to know that the possession of the same coinage and a common language has not been found inconsistent with the perpetration of outrageous frauds in New York or in other parts of the world. Even if his proposed Code were universally adopted, there would still be room for the devices of an international FISK or a cosmopolitan GOULD.

The only part of Mr. DUDLEY FIELD's project which can have possessed any special interest for the Social Science Association was the chimerical project of international arbitration. As an independent investigator of metaphysical problems arrives in a few steps at the puzzles which have perplexed his predecessors since the dawn of philosophy, modern philanthropists immediately stumble on the inherent impossibility of controlling force by any means except the employment of superior force. There is not, and there never was, any difficulty in settling by agreement or under arbitration a national dispute which is not regarded by either party as a sufficient cause for war. In the most turbulent parts of the middle ages territorial controversies were often composed by the award either of a feudal superior or of an arbitrator voluntarily chosen. The only difficulty is to substitute arbitration for war; and Mr. DUDLEY FIELD has, as might have been expected, contributed nothing to the discovery of an impossible solution. Although the process and the result of the Geneva Arbitration may

have thrown temporary or permanent discredit on the system, it is probable that in future cases Governments which prefer unqualified concession to resistance will again cover their abandonment of former pretensions by the form of reference to arbitration. It is much more certain that none of the great wars of recent times would have admitted of any similar mode of adjustment. The determination of the Northern States of America to re-establish the Union, of BISMARCK to expel Austria from the German Federation, of NAPOLEON III. to try the experiment of strengthening his dynasty by an attack on Prussia, contained no element on which a judicial decision could have been given, even if there had been a tribunal competent to entertain the litigation. The analogy which Mr. FIELD attempted to suggest between the quarrels of independent nations and the differences which arose among the American States before the establishment of the Union was unsound, because the relations of enemies and those of confederates are not only distinct, but antagonistic. Five-and-twenty years ago, at a Peace Congress held in Paris, M. VICTOR HUGO quoted an equally irrelevant precedent for the proposed settlement of national disputes, by contrasting the wars which were formerly waged with one another by the great feudatories of the old French Monarchy with the prevalence of a single code of laws enforced by recognized tribunals in modern France. M. HUGO probably thought that the establishment of French supremacy over Europe furnished the simplest and most natural method of removing the inconveniences which follow from national independence. Mr. FIELD, as becomes an American and a lawyer, is less extravagant in his expectations; but, like all theorists on the subject, he founds his scheme for abolishing war on the assumption that the task is already accomplished. It is difficult to understand how a rational projector can seriously insist on the necessity of general disarmament as long as no Power can be compelled to disband a single regiment. It might have been hoped that the Congress at Brussels would occupy itself with more serious and more useful investigations; and its members were evidently aware of the difficulty of providing for the execution of any rule that could be devised. At last, with an ingenuity which ought to excite the envy of the Social Science Association, they passed a resolution to the effect that arbitration ought to be made obligatory on nations. The proposition that independent Governments must obey the behests of the Brussels Congress is worthy of the most advanced professors of social science. The reconciliation of freedom with necessity would long since have been accomplished by philosophers if they had been contented to make compulsion exclusively figurative or verbal. At the dinner which closed the sittings of the Congress Dr. BLUNTSCHLI, as representing Germany, supplied an instructive commentary on the previous proceedings by reserving to his own country the right to vindicate the cause of intellectual freedom "even by the sword."

FIFTY YEARS OF THE FOREIGN OFFICE.

MR. HAMMOND, who has resigned the Under-Secretaryship for Foreign Affairs, has assisted during his fifty years' service at one of the most complete revolutions which have occurred in English and European diplomacy. Inheriting from his father, who preceded him in the same office, an experience reaching back beyond his own personal recollection, he was familiar with the almost forgotten theory of a Council of Great Powers in which his own country held a principal place. At the moment indeed when he first entered the Office a rupture had already taken place in the union which had been formed after the overthrow of NAPOLEON. CANNING, who had then recently succeeded Lord LONDONDEERRY as Foreign Secretary, was distrusted by the absolute Governments of the Continent, which were principally concerned with the suppression of revolutionary and constitutional agitation. In 1823 France, under the guidance of one of the men of literary genius who have in that country often proved themselves to be political charlatans, had engaged in the task of restoring absolute Monarchy in Spain. The English Minister took every occasion of protesting against the dangerous caprice of CHATEAUBRIAND, who was the mere tool of the astuter politicians assembled in Congress at Verona. At the same time, with a curious miscalculation of future probabilities, CANNING urged the American President to resist the supposed designs of the European Monarchies against the revolted colonies of Spain. It was on this suggestion, followed by

the ready assent of President MONROE, that the United States founded the so-called MONROE Doctrine of their own right to prohibit all European interference in the Western hemisphere. As the claim would have been in some other form preferred and maintained when the United States attained their present height of power, it matters little that an English Minister commenced the policy which was long afterwards conspicuously exemplified in the expulsion of the French from Mexico. When Mr. CANNING told the House of Commons that he had called the New World into existence to redress the balance of the Old, he little knew that he had only sanctioned the inevitable aggrandizement of a rival and often unfriendly Power. Mr. HAMMOND, who was then a young Foreign Office clerk, lived to take part in the Washington Treaty and the Geneva Arbitration.

The superintendence of European affairs by the Five Great Powers, if it was unfavourable to constitutional and democratic aspirations, secured more effectually than any previous or subsequent arrangement the peace of the world. With a few occasional interruptions the organic legislation of the Congress of Vienna was enforced and supported without resort to arms for a period of forty years. A similar, but shorter, interval of peace had in the previous century intervened between the Treaty of Utrecht and the war of the Austrian Succession. In both cases the result was partly due to exhaustion; but the fear of encountering the united opposition of Europe did much to restrain the ambition of more than one Continental Power. Popular opinion has scarcely done justice to the foresight of the statesmen who determined the distribution of territory at Vienna. It is true that they acted on the old tradition that the rights of kings and the arrangement of the balance of power were more worthy of regard than ethnological aspirations, and even than the legitimate wishes of the population; but at that time Italy was, as METTERNICH long afterwards called it when the phrase had ceased to correspond to the fact, little more than a geographical expression. The dawning consciousness of national unity in Germany was not unfitly represented by the Federal Constitution, which formed a somewhat closer bond of union than the decayed Empire before its dissolution a few years before. The wisest and most thoughtful combination devised at Vienna was unfortunately doomed to early failure. The formation of a powerful State in the North-West of Europe had in former times been more than once unsuccessfully attempted, and the incessant disturbance of the peace of Europe during the supremacy of France sometimes caused historical students to regret the final failure of the enterprise of CHARLES of Burgundy. When the fall of NAPOLEON became imminent, many statesmen recognized the expediency of creating an independent State in the Low Countries; and the renewal of the ancient connexion between Holland and Flanders offered a natural method of effecting the object. It is probably now a cause of regret to thoughtful Belgian politicians that the free and intelligent community to which they belong is not part of a larger State. The separation of Belgium and Holland in 1830 was precipitated by the injudicious policy of the Dutch dynasty; and it has in some sense been subsequently justified by the prosperity and good government of the new kingdom; but the united Monarchy would, if it had lasted, have afforded a surer guarantee for permanent independence.

Mr. HAMMOND had the advantage of learning his duties under a succession of able masters. He was probably too young to have had any confidential intercourse with Mr. CANNING; and Lord DUDLEY only held office for a few months while Mr. HAMMOND was still a subaltern. The Duke of WELLINGTON and Lord ABERDEEN at that time were supposed to incline to the policy of the Holy Alliance, not from any preference of absolute government, but in the belief that with the outbreak of revolution the cycle of war and conquest might probably recommence. The Duke of WELLINGTON incurred the enmity of Russia by his disapproval of aggression on Turkey; but at the same time, in concert with Lord ABERDEEN, he discountenanced for a long time the establishment of an independent kingdom in Greece. Lord ABERDEEN frequently stated that his assent was finally given in the erroneous belief that the disruption of Turkey was imminent, and that it was desirable to rescue part of the dominions of the Sultan from the sovereignty of Russia. The Duke of WELLINGTON, in his apprehension of the progress of revolution, had encouraged CHARLES X. to form the POLIGNAC Ministry; but, when the folly of the King and his Minis-

ter had overthrown the Monarchy, the English Government prudently recognized the new dynasty, and even acquiesced in the separation of Belgium from Holland. The precedent of 1830 was at the time almost new, although it has since become the fixed rule that every existing Government of a foreign country shall be held to represent the nation. Mr. HAMMOND had the advantage of being young enough to accustom himself to the modern ways of thought which were then gradually superseding the former traditions of diplomacy. The domestic changes which were partly caused by the French Revolution of 1830 introduced into the Foreign Office the most active and vigorous of its modern directors. For eleven years Lord PALMERSTON managed without interruption the foreign policy of England; and, after the retirement of Lord GREY in 1834, he acted almost independently of his colleagues. During the greater part of that time he was occupied in baffling the intrigues of LOUIS PHILIPPE and his Ministers for the acquisition of Belgium, and for the separation of Egypt from the Turkish Empire. As Secretary of State and afterwards as Prime Minister, Lord PALMERSTON was virtually Foreign Minister for nearly a quarter of a century. At the same time he organized his department so carefully that it has since been the most efficient of the public offices; and Mr. HAMMOND, who rose under Lord PALMERSTON to the highest rank among the permanent functionaries, is entitled to a portion of the credit.

In his later years the UNDER-SECRETARY, like most official veterans, was disinclined to innovation; and the schemes of modern reformers excused the contemptuous tone of the evidence which he occasionally gave before Parliamentary Committees. In matters of detail the permanent head of a public office is practically supreme; and it was natural that Mr. HAMMOND should be held responsible for some of the disappointments and vexations which inevitably occur in the distribution of employment and promotion. His unlucky announcement of settled tranquillity when Lord GRANVILLE became Foreign Minister on the death of Lord CLARENDON ought not seriously to impair his well-earned reputation for political sagacity. The prophecy was within a few days falsified by the commencement of the greatest war of modern times; but it was wholly impossible to foresee an extravagant and causeless act of folly. If Mr. HAMMOND had at that time been in the confidence of M. OLLIVIER, or even of the EMPEROR himself, he might probably have been not less confident in the maintenance of peace. A statesman is justified in assuming that Governments will consult their own obvious interests; and in the summer of 1870 the Imperial Government of France had every motive for maintaining peace. As the mistake in no degree affected the policy of England, it illustrated rather the uncertainty of human affairs than the blindness of official politicians. Mr. HAMMOND's successor will not be troubled with the anxieties which beset a former generation for the extension of English influence, or for the restoration of the lost balance of power. It seems probable that he and his superiors will rather have to deal with the unforeseen collisions of belligerent pretensions and neutral rights; and perhaps they will have occasion to reconsider the rules of international law. It may be worth while to remark that the appointment of Lord TENTERDEN involves a serious innovation, if not a constitutional anomaly. No peer has a theoretical right to decline or suspend the discharge of his Parliamentary duties; and yet it is impossible for a permanent Civil Servant to take part in the proceedings of the House of Lords. If the precedent is once established, the Ministry of the day will have a new mode of rewarding friends and buying off opponents.

THE FUSION AND THE ULTRAMONTANES.

THE most remarkable feature in the movement in favour of a Restoration in France is its relation to religion. It has all along been guided by the clergy and associated with pilgrimages and miracles. At first it seemed impossible that an agitation could derive anything but weakness from such auxiliaries. The scepticism of the national character had been regarded as established beyond the possibility of contradiction. In their dread of Radicalism Frenchmen might, it was thought, descend to any depths of political reaction, but, however intense might be their Conservatism, they would remain the disciples of VOLTAIRE. Those who thus reasoned forgot the singular vitality of the Roman Catholic Church.

Again and again she has found the secret of victory to lie in the resolution never to accept defeat. If she has sometimes suffered from her reluctance to abandon an object she has once proposed to herself, the loss has been made up to her by the habit which this training has given her of being always ready to turn unexpected opportunities to account. The Second Empire provided such an opportunity in two ways. No doubt the complicity of the clergy in the Napoleonic usurpation added intensity to the hatred felt towards them by the extreme Republicans. But after the conversion of PIUS IX. from Liberalism, the Church had given up the hope of winning over the Extreme Republicans, so that in this respect her fate was no worse than she had expected it to be. The policy of NAPOLEON III. was not one of subjection to the clergy; but the very means which he took to maintain his supremacy had the effect, as was very well explained some weeks since by a French Correspondent of the *Pall Mall Gazette*, of strengthening clerical influence. He made the priests the almoners of the State in the expectation that, if the money they dispensed in charity was all provided by the State, the State, and not the Church, would get the credit of it. What actually happened was the precise reverse of this. The poor saw that all the help that came to them came through the clergy, and they did not look beyond the actual giver. The Church came to be regarded as the only friend they had, and the clergy furthered this belief by extending its network of charitable organization throughout the length and breadth of France. Fortunately for the Church, a coolness between her and the Government had grown up some time before the fall of the Empire. The devotion to NAPOLEON III. which the clergy had shown before 1866 cooled very much after he had found himself unable to preserve the integrity of the POPE's dominions. In this way the Church was saved from the discredit which came upon the whole Imperial system after the capitulation of Sedan, and was left free to profit by the change in public feeling produced by that and subsequent disasters. There seems little doubt that adversity has caused a real reaction in favour of religion in the minds of many Frenchmen. Year after year they had been told by the priests that unbelief and want of devotion to the Church would bring temporal retribution upon their heads. Year after year their temporal prosperity had gone on increasing, and the predictions of the clergy had seemed less and less likely to be fulfilled. When they turned out to be true prophets after all, and Frenchmen found themselves suffering under an unexampled load of misfortune, it is no wonder that the men who had foretold the fact were assumed to be equally accurate in accounting for it. France had been punished as the priests had said she would be; was it not likely that she had been punished for the cause which the priests had assigned as certain to bring the penalty upon her? When the Church found herself in possession of the influence thus created, there could not be much question as to which of the rival claimants to power she should favour. The Republic was hateful to her on two grounds; first, because she distrusted M. THIERS's ability to keep it really Conservative; secondly, because she distrusted M. THIERS's inclination to make it clerical. She had no love for the Orleanists; for the French *bourgeoisie*, of whose opinions the party was the special reflex, has always been proof against ecclesiastical persuasion. The Empire was for the time an impossibility; and for some years previously to the war it had not been conducting itself as an obedient son. There remained the legitimate Monarchy in the person of the Count of CHAMBORD. Everything combined to make him the best candidate for ecclesiastical purposes. He was thoroughly submissive to the clergy, supremely devoted to the POPE, surrounded by a crowd of good Catholics, who would furnish candidates for every vacant office, opposed even more than PIUS IX. himself to any compromise with modern ideas. The choice of the clergy was soon made. New and old miracles were alike pressed into the service of the Legitimist pretender, and hymns to the Sacred Heart, or to Our Lady of La Salette, were carefully loaded with a monarchical moral. If the Count of CHAMBORD can be placed upon the throne without making any damaging recantation of his former declarations, the Roman Catholic Church will possess what she has long wanted—a temporal monarch firmly devoted to her cause.

The writer of a recent article in the *Kölnische Zeitung* says truly that the accession of the Count of CHAMBORD "will be regarded as a declaration of war not only against modern France and her dearly-bought liberties, but also against

"modern Europe, whose recent re-arrangements can have no more determined enemy than he." As regards the most "recent re-arrangement," the Count shares this hostility with every possible ruler of France. Neither Monarchy nor Republic would be endured for an instant by Frenchmen if it required from them the abnegation of their determination to get back Alsace and Lorraine. It is doubtful, however, whether in other respects this hostility to recent re-arrangements of territory does not tend to damage Royalist prospects in France. Among the little group of fanatics who have the direction of the Count of CHAMBORD's conscience, the dismemberment of France is probably regarded only as a minor incident among these re-arrangements. The addition of two provinces to Germany is to be regretted as helping to aggrandize an overgrown Protestant Power at the expense of one which it is hoped is about to be reconverted to Catholicism. But the real vice of the recent changes in the distribution of power is the transfer of the Papal territory to Italy; all other changes are viewed as they are calculated to affect the permanence of this one. Had it not been for this, the Church would never have provoked a quarrel with the German Empire. Prince BISMARCK had no desire to make an enemy of the German clergy and no theological attraction towards the Old Catholics. But he was not disposed to undertake a crusade against Italy for the purpose of restoring the POPE to his temporal throne, and for this reason the Roman Church determined to cast him aside as an instrument not available for her purposes. If the Count of CHAMBORD is restored, the King's advisers will be willing enough to fan the national hatred of Germany, but they will not be equally willing to take any means that may present themselves in order to gratify it. The French have learnt the lesson of the late war with unexpected accuracy. They know that they are weak, and they know that the two main duties which their weakness imposes upon them are readiness to welcome every ally, and the patient concentration of their whole strength and purpose upon one object. The victory of Ultramontanism is unfavourable to the discharge of both these duties. Before an ally can be accepted by HENRY V., he must have shown that he is a friend to the POPE as well as a friend to France. With good management, for example, the alliance just effected between Italy and Germany might probably have been prevented, and the King's known leaning towards France have been gradually warmed into something like effective life. But not even to regain Alsace and Lorraine would the Roman Catholic Church approve an alliance with the sacrilegious Power that has wrested Rome from its rightful sovereign. The one object which she is set upon is the restoration of the POPE, and the restoration of HENRY V. is only valuable to her in so far as it promises to help on this paramount end. When the French people come to understand clearly that in the eyes of their King and his most trusted councillors the recovery of Alsace and Lorraine is only a secondary object, and that alliances which might further the attainment of it are wantonly sacrificed because they do not square with the designs of the POPE, it may be doubted whether political Catholicism will not lose any charms that it now possesses for them. They will in all probability be equally irritated by the discovery that the rigid abstinence from all share in European politics which is absolutely essential to the recovery of the military strength of France may at any moment be departed from, not in the interest of France, but in the interest of the POPE. It is true that the Count of CHAMBORD disclaims all notion of waging an imprudent war. But, even supposing his judgment on what constitutes a prudent war to be absolutely unerring, this will not constitute any guarantee against the strength of France being wasted in wars which only indirectly concern her. It is quite conceivable that a war with Italy in which France should be the victor might leave her so crippled in resources that she would be forced to lie quiet for a considerable interval. During that interval an opportunity of fighting Germany at an advantage might occur, and might have to be foregone by reason of the dissipation of her strength caused by a short-sighted, though successful, contest with Italy. It does not need very great keenness of vision to foresee these possibilities; and unless Frenchmen are altogether blind to them, their very anger against Germany may render them suspicious of political Catholicism.

POLITICAL FALSETTO.

MR. DISRAELI has perhaps some reason to complain of the obtuseness of the critics of his recent manifesto. They have failed to appreciate the peculiar nature of the performance, and have set to work to construe a string of epigrams as if it were an invoice. When CHARLES LAMB, in a company of Scotchmen who were all praising BURNS, expressed a wish that BURNS were present, he was gravely informed that BURNS had been dead for many years. Mr. DISRAELI must feel that the spirit of his remarks upon the Government has been equally misunderstood. He has certainly a right to appeal to his antecedents, and to ask whether he has ever said or done anything to warrant his being taken for a serious statesman. Mr. DISRAELI, it should be remembered, is an artist as well as a politician, and he has always appeared to regard politics as an art rather than as a science. It is therefore from an artistic point of view that his political efforts should be judged; and it is also necessary to bear in mind that in art there are two schools, the idealists and the realists, and that it is to the former that Mr. DISRAELI belongs. He has a political dialect of his own, in which words stand for very different values from those which they bear in common use. It might be supposed, however, that the key to this artificial tongue would by this time be pretty well known, and that the necessary allowance would be made for its ornamental extravagance. The picture of the civil war now raging in England is only a counterpart to the famous picture of the cabal of scheming English politicians and foreign intriguers which was represented some years ago as planning the ruin of the country.

The explanation of Mr. DISRAELI's peculiar eloquence may be found in the principles of a kindred art. Prosaic people have sometimes derided operatic performances on account of their absurd dissimilarity from real life. In real life, it is said, a pair of lovers who have met for a clandestine interview do not usually rouse the neighbourhood by singing a duet at the top of their voices, nor does an assassin remain after stabbing his victim to warble an air over the body. All this is very true. Ordinary conversation is not conducted in recitative, and the obdurate parent who orders his daughter's lover out of doors certainly does not do so in musical strains, with the disconsolate soprano and tenor joining sweetly in the chorus. From a realistic point of view, an opera is undoubtedly about as absurd as anything that can possibly be imagined. But then admirers of opera would say that it is not intended to be realistic; it is an idealized form of art, and looks at results rather than means. The object is to produce certain impressions and emotions in the audience by a combination of acting and melody, and as long as these impressions and emotions are produced, it does not in the least matter that the representation should be utterly unlike anything in real life. Mr. DISRAELI might plead the same excuse for his manifesto, and for the sort of eloquence to which he has been training the more susceptible and imitative of his disciples. It is operatic politics in which airs and recitative are substituted for common talk. An effect is intended to be produced, not by sense, but by sound, and the charm of such a jingle as "plundering and blundering" is quite independent of any meaning that can be attached to it. It is supposed that it will comfort the Conservatives just as that "blessed word Mesopotamia" did the old woman at church. This sort of talk has, in fact, no more relation to realities than an operatic trio, or the slang of a stage sailor or stage Irishman. It is a conventional, symbolical, idealized way of putting things. When Sir F. SLADE denounces the Solicitor-General as a professional slave and political adventurer, and accuses the Liberals of seeking to bring up the young as atheists and devils; when Mr. DISRAELI describes party differences as civil warfare; or when a clergyman declares that he would not like to see Mr. GLADSTONE cut up into mince-meat, because he would make such an unsavoury pie—they are no more in earnest than the tipsy coalheaver when he curses his own eyes or invokes damnation on his neighbours. They are merely relieving themselves by a discharge of expletives.

It is impossible to suppose that orators and journalists who talk or write in this style really believe what they say, or expect the people to whom it is addressed to believe it; indeed they would probably be very much amazed to find that there was anybody weak enough to accept such fustian seriously. They are only blowing off steam,

and giving it to be understood that they do not altogether like the way in which things are being managed, and that in any case they have a natural and innocent desire to see their own side in office. My opponent, said a French writer, accuses me of theft, forgery, murder, and every kind of iniquity, but he only means that there is a difference between us on a point of grammar. The eloquence of the speakers who form themselves upon Mr. DISRAELI similarly requires to be brought down to the level of intelligible commonplace. It is, in fact, a purely artificial and conventional production, as artificial and conventional as a barrister's wig, which does not pretend to be a man's real hair, but is only a symbolical covering so obviously unreal that there is no mistaking what it is. Except on the stage or in a novel, nobody ever says "Alas," and nobody in private life is ever heard talking the sort of wild rant which is to be found in the ordinary run of Conservative newspapers, and occasionally in the speeches of county members at agricultural dinners. This extravagance is put off in private life just as the lawyer puts off his wig, or as the actor washes the rouge off his face and strips his calves of padding. Of course we do not mean to suggest that Conservatism is all a sham and pretence, but only that a certain class of Conservatives have unfortunately got into a way of talking in public which is altogether artificial and unreal, and which might be called insincere if it were not that those who indulge in it apparently take it for granted that it will not be supposed that they mean all they say. In the case of all the great measures of the Government there was room for legitimate and reasonable opposition. Even if the principle of a measure was sound, it might be argued that the mode in which it was proposed to be carried out was inexpedient, or that the time was inopportune. But even the most credulous partisan can hardly have believed that the Throne would be overturned, as Mr. DISRAELI predicted, if the Irish Church were touched, or that the army would fall to pieces the instant the purchase of commissions was discontinued. No doubt this sort of exaggeration had its parallel on the other side, and the evils which were predicted as a consequence of the policy of the Government were the counterpart of the magical results which were promised by its supporters. But exaggeration does not justify exaggeration, and Conservatives should remember that, after all, their safest ground is common sense.

The mischief of this fanciful and artificial language is that it not only misrepresents the tone of the party at large, but tends to discredit it with that great body of sensible and moderate people who compose the majority of the nation, and who do not happen to be either Liberals or Conservatives, but are anxious only for steady and competent administration, avoiding excesses on either side. It is also injurious to the self-respect, and, in some degree, to the sincerity, of those who thus habitually speak with affected violence or fear. They cease after a time to have a sound appreciation of the relation between words and convictions; and when, under the pressure of circumstances, they find it necessary to draw back a little from the strong language they have used, they hardly know where to stop. They have accustomed themselves to live in a world of phantoms, and at last become confused as to the boundary line between truth and fiction. Nobody knows how far they are in earnest, and they hardly know themselves. This sort of acting is necessarily destructive to moral discretion and taste, and its worst effects may not be discovered until too late. Mr. DISRAELI has somewhere said that in the government of nations imagination is a quality not less important than reason, but reason can hardly be set aside; and it is also well to remember that imagination and artifice are not exactly the same thing. It may be hoped that the manner in which the peculiar style of eloquence of which we are speaking has lately been received will convince those who have been in the habit of using it that it is neither creditable nor successful. The really Conservative forces in the country are not those which are most blatant and violent, and they are more likely to be conciliated by plain, straightforward, candid speaking, in the way in which people speak face to face among themselves in real life, than by a political falsetto put on for the occasion.

SCHOOL BOARD ELECTIONS.

THE results of the approaching elections for School Boards will in some respects be even more interesting than those of the first elections three years ago. The

working of the Boards will to some extent have been tested, and the rush of enthusiasm in which many of the original members were returned will have had time to consolidate itself or to die out. The magnitude and the cost of the work which School Boards have before them are becoming better understood. If the ratepayers now elect energetic representatives it will prove, far more than it proved in 1870, that they mean that this work shall be done. But the special significance of these elections is that they will be the first (except as regards London) to be held under the Ballot; and the substitution of secret for open voting may produce as important a change in the character of School Board elections as it promises to produce in the election of members of the House of Commons. Very much the same causes will be at work in the two cases. In the election for a School Board religious questions are often more directly and avowedly involved than in Parliamentary elections, and it is abundantly evident that nothing stirs men's passions so surely as religion. If, under open voting, men were tempted to use bribery or coercion for political ends, they were quite as much tempted to use them for religious ends. Indeed there were probably a good number of persons who would have done without scruple in a School Board election things which they would have refused, or at all events hesitated, to do in a merely political contest. Religious people have greatly improved upon DAVID'S tactics against GOLIATH. Instead of rejecting the armour offered them, they are often willing to lay hands upon all the weapons they can beg, borrow, or steal. If the coming School Board elections were to take place under the old system, much social pressure would be exerted by many who do not usually take any active part in public affairs. Women, for example, are often keenly interested in ecclesiastical contests, and this kind of pressure is precisely that which women are best able to employ. The circles in which it is not considered gentlemanly, or even decent, to be a Liberal, are growing fewer every day, but there are many to be found in which the identity of respectability and churchmanship is assumed as a matter of course. On the other side may be set the regard for consistency and party discipline which prevents men from voting against those with whom they have been accustomed to act. This motive may very well have had considerable influence in open voting for School Boards. The Education League has contrived to identify itself with the advanced section of the Liberals, and a man who has steadily voted for the Radical candidate at Parliamentary elections may entertain a natural dislike to being convicted of having deserted his friends in an election in which, according to the League, Radical principles are directly involved. Yet in his heart he may feel that the two cases are very different. He has been taught to associate Radicalism with economy and diminished taxation, but the victory of the League will necessarily bring with it universal School Boards, universal School Board schools, and universal school rates. If he had still to vote in public, he would probably swallow the contradiction with the best grace he could command; but now that he can vote in secret there is no need for him to make the sacrifice. He can vote against the League without compromising his political character, or finding that his old friends look coldly on him.

Either way, therefore, the coming School Board elections may be of a different complexion from what they were in 1870, or would have been without the Ballot in 1873. There is now a fair chance of ascertaining the real magnitude of the religious difficulty. The elections for School Boards will show whether any appreciable number of ratepayers really object to the payment of school fees on behalf of indigent children attending Denominational schools, and whether they are so anxious as they are said to be that secular and religious instruction shall be given, not only in the same building, but by the same teacher. We shall not be surprised if on both points they turn out to be less resolute than extreme partisans on either side have described them. The mental attitude of the ordinary ratepayer is probably something of this kind. He wishes to have good elementary schools, partly because in many cases his own children will attend them, partly because he has been a little impressed by all the prophecies that have been addressed to him with regard to the misfortunes which will come upon the country if Englishmen remain in their present state of ignorance. But though he wishes to have good elementary schools, he wishes that they should be provided at somebody else's expense, and he will probably

see in the maintenance of the voluntary system a means of thus providing them. The result of this mixed feeling will be to make him a severe but not an unfriendly critic of Denominational schools. He will not be very much impressed by their religious aspect, for there is a large body of evidence to show that a parent's choice of a school is almost invariably determined by considerations either of excellence or of convenience, and the great mass of the ratepayers belong to the classes which send their children to elementary schools. But he will have a keen sense that it is to his advantage to get all he can out of the Denominationalists, and that, if he consents to suspend the creation of School Boards, or School Board schools, in their favour, he will thereby earn a right to insist that these schools shall supply the best education that can be got. If this proves to be a true reading of the ratepayer's mind, the compromise established by the Act of 1870 is probably as good a settlement of the education difficulty as could be devised. Even Mr. MORLEY admits that it is better to have secular education *plus* theology than not to have it at all; and if the ratepayers are determined to make the attainment of a high level of secular excellence the condition of continuing the permission to surround it with theological adjuncts, the community will be benefited, while the Denominationalists will have no reason to complain. It is exceedingly improbable that the ratepayers will be led by Nonconformist or Secularist enthusiasm to withdraw from the Church of England or from the Roman Catholics the liberty to give religious instruction to children of their own creed under specially convenient conditions, in return for contributing towards the cost of their secular education. But it is equally improbable that they will be led by Denominationalist zeal to put up with a low standard of secular education rather than sacrifice the theological infusion which now accompanies it. They will be more inclined to say, Take your children and teach them as much religion as you please, provided that you teach them other things thoroughly well. This is not a challenge which the managers of voluntary schools can have any right to resent. It would be unjust and impolitic to drive them out of the field so long as they comply with the requirements of the State as regards the quality of the education given in their schools; but it would be an extremely short-sighted economy to put up with an inferior quality of education merely because the Denominationalists were willing to bear part of the cost.

The Ballot is in future to be extended to the voting on a proposed application by the ratepayers of any parish or borough for the creation of a School Board. Wherever, therefore, fifty ratepayers in any parish in which there are more than one hundred and fifty ratepayers, or one-third of the whole number in any parish in which there are less than one hundred and fifty, are anxious that a School Board shall be appointed, they can summon a meeting to discuss the question, and any ten of them can demand that a poll shall be taken to ascertain the wishes of the ratepayers. It cannot therefore be said that any possible predominance of the Denominational element in a parish can avail to prevent the creation of a School Board, unless there is a numerical majority of the ratepayers opposed to it. Even in the typical case of a small country parish in which the Church school provides ample accommodation for all the children of school age, and the clergyman and the squire are bent upon keeping the education of the poor in their own hands, it is very unlikely that, if a majority of the ratepayers wish for a School Board, one-third of them will not be in positions of sufficient independence to enable them to give their more dependent neighbours an opportunity of checkmating the parson under the safeguard of the Ballot. If this opportunity is not provided, or if, when created, the School Board turns out to be by no means disposed to take upon itself the burden of educating children who are now educated without any cost to the parish, the Education League will be driven to confess that, though the ratepayers may be blind to their duty, they are not prevented from discharging it by any fear of consequences. A change which thus helps to bring out the real views of classes of persons on whose behalf partisans on both sides are so ready to make large professions will contribute towards the solution of several educational problems. Probably the ratepayer, now that he is left absolutely free to paint his own portrait, will be found neither so keenly theological nor so ardently irreligious as he has been depicted by sensational artists on both sides.

MAKING THE BEST OF THINGS.

THERE is no more generally accepted maxim amongst writers of sermons and moral essays than that which prescribes the duty of making the best of things. In one form or another it contains the pith of the consolation generally offered to us when suffering under any calamity. You have lost one of your dearest friends; you are exhorted to remember that if he had lived longer he would have suffered many more pangs; that if he had lived at Timbuctoo you would never have had the advantage of his acquaintance; and that if you had not paid him some proper attentions you would now have been bitterly reproaching yourself. In short, you are invited to send forth your imagination into the boundless regions of the might have been, and to take comfort in reflecting that beneath the actual abyss into which you have fallen yawns another conceivable abyss of which you have been lucky enough to stop short. From the most serious down to the most insignificant troubles of life the same kind of soothing ointment is applied to men's spiritual wounds. You have lost a fortune—rejoice that you have a pittance left to keep you out of the work-house; you are suffering from toothache—be thankful that you have not also a pain in your stomach; a steady rain sets in just as you are about to take a holiday—congratulate yourself upon possessing an umbrella, and think of the beautiful lights and shades which might have been one monotonous breadth of sunshine. Everybody must have suffered at times under well-meant exhortations of this kind, whose conventional nature is indeed more or less carefully hidden, but whose substance is formed out of these old common-places. The general formula is painfully simple. However much you are suffering, the boundless fertility of human imagination will always enable you to picture some additional aggravation; it can hardly be said of anybody that all the avenues by which pain can approach him are so thronged that there is not room for some additional grief to force an entrance; and till that happens there is always room for applying this wearisome comfort. There are people who, if they saw a man being broken on the wheel, would remark to him that at any rate he had fine weather for the purpose.

Now to the unregenerate human being nothing is more vexatious than this mode of consolation. As a general rule, all comforters have been officious and disagreeable people since the days of Job. The difference between comforting a sufferer and triumphing over his misfortunes is occasionally imperceptible, and when the triumph takes the form of bombardment with moral platitudes it is specially offensive. The sophistry, moreover, is in this case so transparent that one feels that one's intellect is insulted at the same time that one's moral character is depreciated. The statement that "things might have been worse" is as universally applicable, and therefore has as little special application in any given case, as the statement that two and two make four. "Things might have been worse," said the man in a wise old popular legend, as the devil was carrying him off to hell. "How so?" asks his acquaintance. "Why the devil," he answers, "might have made me carry him." Fortunate, indeed, is the person who has not been irritated by friends acting in the spirit of this consistent optimism, and who take credit to themselves for so acting as though it were an indisputable proof of virtue. Of all the companions who ever drove an innocent man to the verge of distraction, probably Mark Tapley must have been the most intolerably offensive. He was of course a hollow impostor, though Dickens never found him out; for a man of genuine cheerfulness does not insist upon telling the world and himself that he is "jolly" every five minutes; but, apart from the question of sincerity, such a walking platitude, dashing his wretched little bit of morality in your face whenever you were out of spirits, would have justified his summary assassination—speaking of course from the point of view of the Western States. Mark Tapley, unfortunately, has become the prophet of a popular school. The fondness of his creator for him proves that Dickens took him to be really an admirable type of character; and accordingly he set to work proving in a hundred different ways that we ought to make the best of things, to look at the bright side of the world, and, so far as our own life is concerned, to ignore the fact that it is full of dark shadows and ominous forebodings. Although this school has fortunately declined in favour, its favourite dogma still retains a wide popularity, and few maxims are more irritating when retailed for private consumption, or more mischievous in their bearing upon public affairs. For the doctrine practically comes to this, that we are to reconcile ourselves to the inevitable hardships of life, not by accommodating ourselves to them as well as we can, but by making believe that they do not exist. It is well and right that human beings should retain as much cheerfulness as is compatible with the possession of anything like a soul. A thinking man cannot go through the battle of life in a state of rollicking exhilaration, but to get what happiness we can is plainly desirable. Everybody has to make up his mind, after a few years of experience, how he will aim at this end; and that man certainly makes the wisest choice whose provision for life includes the smallest amount of illusions. Most people arrange matters so as to put up with evils that might be remedied, and to attempt to meet the irremediable by blandly ignoring them. They run up a veil which serves pretty well for a time, and enables them to denounce as a cynic everybody who likes to look things in the face, but which of course disappears just when it is really wanted.

There was a time, as we know, when the doctrine was adopted by the philosophers, who undertook to prove mathematically that

"whatever is is right." They certainly did not succeed more than other philosophers in practically comforting mankind; and, on the whole, the world has not much missed poor Pangloss and the school whom he represented. When Pope tried to expound the same theory in verse, it took all the poetry out of his sparkling couplets. The essential discord showed itself when it was attempted to set the theory to music. A poet may be rapt into ecstasy by contemplating the beauties of the universe, or be plunged into despair at the horrors around him; but this placid optimism, which, without explicitly denying the existence of evil, proved that, in some way or other, it was very much the same thing as good, was totally alien to any true poetical mood. With the decay of the old schools both of poetry and metaphysics, this quiet fashion of skimming over the great problems of the universe went out of fashion. We are living in times when the wear and tear of life is far too great for any such dimsy armour of optimism. But the doctrine, though it is no longer current in the higher intellectual spheres, is as popular as ever at a lower altitude. We need not remark here upon the grave mischiefs which are worked by it in the sphere of politics or commerce. The evil results of saying peace when there is no peace are pretty generally recognized in theory. At the present moment we are content to put out of view the annoyances which it causes in private life. The propensity to make the best of things is generally found in combination with those smaller virtues which are more annoying to one's neighbours than most vices. The man who rises at five every morning, who always ties up his letters with red tape, and who is convinced of the great truth that it is better to be half an hour too early than half a minute too late, is frequently given to making the best of things. The duty of doing so is a moral maxim just big enough for him to understand. He probably reflects upon it in the early morning at the time when his cold bath is bringing out that glow, physical and moral, which makes him an offence to all weaker vessels during the rest of the day. The ruddy jovial person who gets himself up after the country gentleman type, or the more unctuous variety of popular preacher, is apt to be perspiring this doctrine at every pore. It is a pleasure to him to meet somebody in distress upon whom he may discharge boisterous comfort through his favourite aphorism as a fire-engine sends cold water through a hose. If he acquires some dim consciousness of the fact that his kind exhortations sound like a bitter mockery to his victims, it only increases his sense of virtue. They cannot comfort themselves under the loss of a wife by the reflection that they still have several first cousins and money enough to pay for a handsome monument. That only proves that they have not studied so well as he the great art of properly directing their sentiments. For of course he will deny in the most pathetic manner that he would ever advise anything like self-deceit. He does not avowedly ask a sufferer to profess that a toothache is rather a pleasant distraction than otherwise; he only recommends him to fix his attention upon his great toe or some other remote part of his body which may appear to be enjoying good health. And, in fact, there are some people so enviably constituted that a small pleasant object elevates them more than a great unpleasant object depresses them. They are people, so to speak, of small specific gravity, who cannot be submerged without a heavy burden of melancholy. The person who makes the best of things professes to be of this temperament. It is not, he would have you believe, that he does not sympathize with grief, but that his constitutional buoyancy makes sympathy in him compatible with exhilaration; he does not deny the existence of evils, but the smallest grain of good makes him happy, just as half a glass of wine makes some men drunk. There are, we say, such people as these—men, if we may coin a word, easily intoxicable. But we are inclined, as a rule, to a vehement suspicion in both cases. The man who is upset by the first glass has generally had a certain number of glasses before the first; and the man who makes the best of things is generally helped to be serene either by the absence of strong feeling or by the want of courage to look at the worst. There are of course a great many people who can make the best of their friends' misfortunes with surprising equanimity; but even a personal calamity, such as pecuniary ruin, often finds a man of this sort making the best of it. Before admiring we ought to know whether such calmness really indicates courage; it may signify just the reverse. A man who has never dared fairly to look into the state of his own affairs, and has thus got out of his depth without knowing it, is just the man to be cheerful, because he still does not look into the future, but calculates that on the whole his friends cannot still let him starve. To have a noble disregard for prudential considerations, to marry, for example, on general principles, and trust to your children being brought up by an enlightened public, is indeed generally regarded as a noble action; and it is certainly the legitimate consequence of making the best of things. Economists, however, have expressed some doubt whether such actions are beneficial either to the actor or to the nation; we are quite certain that they are anything but beneficial to his neighbours.

CHIVALRY.

DIFFERENT forms of the same word have often come, not only to bear quite different meanings, but to embody quite different sentiments. We do not mean such mere accidents as that which has happened to *queen*, *quean*, *quean*, expressing, as it does, both the highest reverence and the deepest contempt, and

not being altogether in the primitive meaning from which it set out, that of *woman* in a purely colourless form, without expressing anything either way. This is a case of an accident within a language, and the same kind of accident happens between two cognate languages, when a word, starting from the same point in the two, rises in one language and falls in another, as in the familiar case of the English *knight* and the German *Knecht*. We are rather thinking of cases in which two words have been formed from the same root, at different stages of the same language, the meanings of which still remain in some degree connected, while the sentiment and train of thought which belong to the two respectively become quite different. Thus *chieftain* and *captain* are strictly the same word, meaning the man who is *caput* or *chief*, the literal translation of the old English *heafodman* and the modern German *Hauptmann*. Of these *chieftain* is strictly French, formed according to the regular laws by which French words are formed, while *captain* may be called either a later formation, or perhaps more accurately, a later importation, from the Italian; it belongs in either case to a later stage of the language. Of the two words it is clear that the older has the much wider and more general sense, while the use of the latter is much stricter and more technical. Yet among technical military terms it is plain that *captain* is the one which is least technical, and is most easily used in a more general sense. We can talk of the "great captain" of the age, but we cannot talk of the "great colonel" or the "great major"; that is to say, while the word *colonel* is a purely military word, invented for purely military purposes, and which has none but a purely technical military meaning, *captain* is a term of general meaning, which has settled down into a special technical use. But the kind of difference which we mean comes out most strongly in the two forms *chivalry* and *cavalry*. Each alike in its natural meaning implies riding on a horse and nothing more. *Chivalry* is the natural French word, formed according to the rules of the French language, while *cavalry* is the later form, analogous to *captain* as opposed to *chieftain*. The beast from which both words are formed, the *caballus*, who in later Latin turned out what had once been the nobler *equus*, shows himself in the one word in his French form and in the other in his Italian form. But the difference of meaning in the two words *chivalry* and *cavalry* has become yet wider than the difference between *chieftain* and *captain*. One has come to express merely the fact, while the other expresses the sentiment. *Cavalry* expresses simply the fact of riding horses for purposes of war, while *chivalry* has come to mean a certain state of mind which was once held to be the special attribute of those who rode horses for purposes of war. But it is not merely that one word expresses the fact and the other the sentiment; the parting off of meanings has gone much further than this. In the one word it is not merely that it expresses the sentiment as well as the fact. The notion of the sentiment has grown to such a pitch that the fact is altogether forgotten. When people talk about *chivalry*, chivalrous actions, and the like, they no longer think about horses. The word has got a meaning in which the horse is altogether forgotten. A chivalrous action is in strictness an action becoming one who rides on a horse, but in modern language it is quite possible that a chivalrous action might be done by a man who is always in the habit of walking on foot. Etymologically the word *chivalrous* could not be so strictly translated into English as by the word *horsey*, but it is plainly apparent that the two words have quite different meanings. *Horsey* of course is hardly a legitimate word at all; but it is a word which has been called into being, and its meaning is certainly not the same as the meaning of other words formed from other names of the same beast. *Horsey*, like *chivalrous*, expresses not a mere fact, but a sentiment, only the two sentiments are not the same. If we say that a man is in the *cavalry*, we simply express the fact that his military duties cause him to ride on a horse; he may be chivalrous, or he may be horsey, but the fact of his serving in the *cavalry* does not prove him to be either. Meanwhile the change in the constitution of modern armies has not only cut off *chivalry* from its connexion with *cavalry*, it has also cut off *cavalry* from its connexion with *chivalry*. In a Homeric, an Athenian, an early Roman, or a mediæval army, *cavalry* and *chivalry* were the same thing. All who served as *cavalry* belonged to the class from whom it is held that chivalrous actions are to be looked for; their serving in the *cavalry* was the outward badge of their belonging to that class. Nowadays, not the whole mass of the *cavalry*, but only its officers now belong to the class from whom we expect *chivalry*; or, if we are told that the common soldier is as much bound to be chivalrous as his officer, at all events a common soldier in a *cavalry* regiment is not expected to be chivalrous in any sense in which the common soldier in an infantry regiment is not expected to be chivalrous also. In short the difference between the two will be felt if we take Campbell's two lines:—

Wave, Munich, all thy banners wave,
And charge with all thy *chivalry*.

If instead of this we were to say—

Charge with all thy *cavalry*,

we should be making no change from the point of a philologist; we should perhaps be equally correct as a matter of military history; but we should have come down from a sentiment to a fact; we should have wiped out all the poetry.

What then do we mean by *chivalry*? Strictly, as we have seen, it means the estate or class of people who ride on horses—that is to say, for purposes of war. Then comes the secondary meaning of a

turn of mind, a moral standard, whatever we please to call it, which is thought to be becoming in members of that class. Lastly, the notion of horses and riding quite passes out of sight, and a chivalrous temper, a chivalrous action, and the like, become words which are used with a certain meaning of their own, always perhaps with a certain latent reference to the standard of a certain class of society, always perhaps with a certain latent reference to warfare, but certainly without any remembrance of the strict etymological meaning of the word. That the original military associations of the word never quite leave it is, we think, clear. When we apply it to conduct which has no reference to warfare, it is by a kind of metaphor; it is somewhat like the words *hero* and *heroism*. The proper field both of heroic actions and of chivalrous actions is warfare; it is only by way of analogy that either heroism or chivalry can be predicated of actions done in lines of life other than the military. Now both heroism and chivalry imply conduct of a special kind, conduct which is not exactly expected of everybody, conduct which has something in common with the theological notions about works of supererogation and counsels of perfection. The hero acts in a way—primarily in warfare, by a figure in other lines of life—which we admire in him, but which we do not expect in everybody. We do not blame a man for not being a hero. But the difference between heroism and chivalry is considerable. We should hardly call conduct heroic, unless we can give it unreserved moral approval. It is part of the idea of a hero that he should be fighting in a good cause. We may call a particular action heroic, even though the man who does it is engaged in a warfare which we deem unjust, but we do not call it so unless we really look upon it as morally right at that particular time and place. Louis the Fourteenth and Buonaparte were not heroes, for several reasons, among others because their warfare was unjust; but it does not follow that many heroic actions may not have been done by particular men in their armies. But when we speak of chivalry, the word hardly carries with it the same hearty respect, the same genuine moral approbation, which is certainly implied in the word hero and its derivatives. There is a lurking notion of the ludicrous about it; we speak of an heroic action with the same gravity, the same unreserved admiration, with which we speak of a saintly action; but we hardly speak of a chivalrous action without a kind of half smile. A chivalrous action, as the word is now commonly used, cannot be a base or sordid action; it may be a generous and self-sacrificing action; but it may very easily be an extravagant and uncalled-for action, which cannot be defended on any principle of right reason, which we do in a kind of way admire, but on which we do not bestow real moral approbation. Burke made a piece of fine declamation about swords leaping from their scabbards in the cause of Marie Antoinette, her beauty, and so forth. That the swords did not so leap forth was a sign that the age of chivalry was past. Now the motive which he thus appealed to was a purely irrational one. To draw the sword on behalf of the French Monarchy might be a perfectly right thing to do; whether it was right or not is a question of political morality. But whether a particular Queen was young and beautiful or old and ugly could not really have anything to do with the moral right or wrong of such a course. A purely irrelevant motive is brought in; a motive which we half smile at, which we half morally condemn, but which we still in a certain sense admire, and in a certain sense sympathize with. We hear in mediæval warfare of men doing some extravagant exploit, which could in no way profit the cause for which they were fighting, for their honour, for their knighthood, for the love of their ladies, or something of that kind. This is a kind of folly to which we give a kind of half-sympathy, because there is nothing base or sordid about it; but it is not the less folly, and mischievous folly, and distinctly deserves moral disapprobation. If it be true that Buonaparte once ordered a certain military operation, involving risk to part of his army, merely that Josephine might see the show, this is still more distinctly blameworthy. Still we do not blame it in the same way as if he had done the same thing for money or other personal advantage. It was a breach of duty in every way; but still, if he himself shared the risk, there was something of the chivalrous feeling clinging to it. But all these chivalrous doings are quite foreign both to the calm discharge of duty on the part of the conscientious general and to the more irregular and enthusiastic character of the hero. To expose either himself or others to risk without an adequate motive is no part of the character of a Washington or a Wellington; neither is it any part of the character of a Kanarés or a Garibaldi.

The truth is that *chivalry*, so far as it is a virtue, is the virtue of a class. That is to say, it is no real virtue at all. It may sometimes lead men to do actions which are in themselves morally right; but it does not lead men to do them because they are morally right. The soldier who does his ordinary duty because it is his duty—the hero who does his extraordinary duty because, under his special circumstances, it is his duty—are both acting according to the rules of sound morality. But the chivalrous man who does something for his honour, or for the love of his lady, is not acting according to any moral rule at all. He acts according to the standard of a particular class, to win the esteem of that particular class. Beyond that class we can hardly conceive *chivalry* existing. A clown may be a hero; but we cannot fancy a chivalrous clown. So far as the clown becomes chivalrous, so far he ceases to be a clown. We come round again to the point from which we started; *chivalry* is something which does not belong to men in general as moral agents, but only to one class of men, to the class who anciently served in battle on horseback.

Of the historic aspect of *chivalry* it is hardly possible to say

anything. Like the "feudal system," with which chivalry is commonly said to have some connexion, the thing is so vague that it is hard to say what it was, when it began, or when it ended. When Burke said that the age of chivalry was past, he would have been a good deal puzzled to say when the age of chivalry began. Yet we can see that there were certain ages when ideas which we may fairly call chivalrous had a greater effect on men than they had earlier or later. The thing seems to come by fits and starts; there is a burst under Edward the Third, and there is another burst under Elizabeth. The chivalrous feeling is one of the many substitutes which men set up for the simple law of right and wrong. So far as such substitutes put a check on any kind of evil, we can only say that any check is better than no check. The law of honour is often useful for men who cannot rise to the law of duty. The question however is whether honour, chivalry, and the like, have not really done more harm than good. They enjoin the strict practice of certain virtues under certain circumstances and towards certain classes of people. The question is whether this does not really discourage right dealing under other circumstances and towards other classes of people; whether the excess of courtesy and respect shown to knights and ladies did not tend to make men yet more contemptuous and merciless towards people below those ranks than they would otherwise have been. William Rufus is one of the first princes in whose mouth we hear the jargon of chivalry, as Francis the First is one of the last. Chivalry certainly did not teach either of them to practise either general humanity or general faithfulness to engagements. The character of Rufus in this respect is well worthy of study. He is one of the first in whose mouths we hear the talk about the "probus miles," the "preux chevalier." He allows certain Angevin knights who had been taken prisoners to go free on parole; some of his own followers suggest to him that they may possibly break their parole; he indignantly casts away the suggestion; he will not believe that a good knight would ever do anything so shameful. A Rufus acted on his own principles. He troubled himself very little about breaking either his coronation oath or his special promises to his people, he troubled himself very little about breaking his treaties with other princes, he troubled himself even less about the misery caused either by his wars or by his exactions. But to his strictly military engagements, to the promises made by him in his character of "probus miles," he was strictly faithful. The same picture will serve for many chivalrous princes since. There is perhaps some truth in the harsh saying that the perfection of chivalry was seen at the massacre of Limoges, when the Black Prince spared the knights who fought against him and murdered the unarmed citizens without regard to age or sex. If we compare this with pre-chivalrous times, with the wars of the Conqueror for instance, the knights might very possibly have fared worse; the mass of the people would certainly have fared better. Edward at Limoges certainly does not shine by the side of William at Exeter. And lastly, if there was one thing above all others to which chivalry ought to have led, it should surely have been the strictest and most self-sacrificing discharge of military duty. Yet the Knight without Fear and without Reproach, when he was called on to enter the breach at Padua on foot, thought the lives of himself and his brother-gentlemen too precious to be risked alongside of the lives of churls. The chevalier, in short, was the chevalier, and it was below him to do anything without the help of the beast from which he took his name. In fact, many of the tales which are told, both of Bayard and others, as wonderful examples of chivalrous virtues, often come simply to this—that the good knight forebore to do some remarkably rascally act. When we get to the famous last words of Philip Sidney, we have got out of the region of chivalry into something better.

PERILS BY LAND.

THE future historian of the year 1873 will not find his task an easy one. There will be many things hard for him to reconcile in the course of his researches. Here and there he will stumble across what appear to be signs of a certain civilization; in trade and commerce he will perceive abundant activity and ingenuity; he will note the advance of luxury, the rise of a higher educational standard, the birth of associations for laudable ends, a more intimate sympathy between classes; and yet at the same time, in spite of the eulogies of the writers of the day, he will be obliged to admit the existence of a dreary fatalism. Documents will be in his hands which will show how far this belief affected the minds of the people, who daily ran the risks of mutilation and death, of poisoned life and ruined constitutions, without a complaint. What will be the inferences he will draw when some such diary as the following, written by the Pepys of to-day, comes into his possession?—

"Edinburgh, October 1, 1873.—I have this morning added a codicil to my will which, in the event of my not reaching London in safety, will increase the comfort of my dear wife. There have, it is true, been only thirty accidents during the last few weeks; but the opinion seems to be prevalent that this low rate is not likely to continue. As yet I have been mercifully spared.—Mem. to put on my old Inverness cape, which would receive but little damage from a collision. I have promised my wife to telegraph to her from every station on my way. Lord! such is the natural uneasiness felt by those at a distance, and yet

to what expense does it put us! Oh the selfishness of the upper classes! On my arrival at the station there was many a carriage occupied but by three persons, who told me the other three places were engaged, and the guards said they had orders to reserve them. I was thus kept fully ten minutes endeavouring to find a place, which I did at last, to the evident annoyance of an old lady, who had secured, as she thought, a compartment to herself. To the great surprise and pleasure of the officials, the express started but half an hour late, and by disregarding some of the ordinary precautions while descending gradients and running over facing-points, we may make up seven minutes during the first two hundred miles. The rate at which we are now travelling is terrific; the oscillation increases, and I can hardly jot down these few words. I can scarcely read the instructions which relate to the communication with the guard. My fellow-passenger tells me frequently that she is nervous, which indeed, poor soul! she may well be. We were only thirty-six minutes late at the first station, where I telegraphed to my wife my safe arrival, which will please her mightily. Owing to the train not having pulled up to the platform, an old lady fell down on getting out, and broke her leg, which greatly annoyed the station-master, who said these mishaps were continually occurring, and caused much inconvenience. Shortly after we had left this station we met a cow and a flock of sheep running with great speed along the up line. I pray this may not lead to a sad loss of life. Many of the newspapers have been lately urging the Railway Companies to provide themselves with a device to guard against accidents arising from the escape of cattle, but the directors would never sanction or adopt an improvement which required any outlay on their part. To think of the silly people who believe in the force of public opinion nowadays, and talk of the directors being amenable to it, as if a man would spend a farthing to save any man's life save his own. It should by this time be pretty well known that the object of a Company is to carry passengers to a profit, and not with safety, and that there can be no reason for ceasing to kill the public until they have been so far diminished that there shall be none left to travel, and therefore none to kill. Why such and such a man is made director, I never could understand. My wife's cousin tells me he can travel for nothing, and no one ever went to a station without seeing him on the platform. Yet, though he is a director, he is a very simple fellow, and I would venture has no knowledge of what is the motive power in an engine.

"Here, at the next station, is a sad business truly. Our train on approaching it has run over two children at a level crossing, and killed them both. I had often heard of the dangers here, and it was but last month that the Company was urged to build a bridge, and they went so far as to pass a resolution. A man should have eyes in the back of his head to go abroad now. The nerves of my fellow-passenger have been much affected by this incident, as she says it is the first time she has witnessed the destruction of human life, which indeed proves that she has been but an indifferent traveller. We have now reached our third stopping-place, and are an hour late, which would in old times have been thought unpunctual. I was sorely in need of a little rest, but the train waited but two minutes instead of ten. This station was a terrible sight; there was none to give information to those of the poorer sort, some of whom said they had been waiting for hours unable to proceed. Owing to the throng I could not telegraph to my poor wife, so went to the refreshment-room, where a very bold girl made no answer to the questions I asked, being engaged in laughing with a commercial traveller. Tried a cup of coffee, for which paid sixpence; but the coffee was so burnt and the milk so sour that I was forced to leave it. I have heard that on the Continent soup and an excellent dinner is served for a small sum, but I greatly doubt it; for surely our country is the greatest in the world, and yet there are but few starving men who would eat a refreshment-room bun. This station was in a great town, but the room was but a little tap-room, with a bar reeking with beer and spirits which moistened everything that was laid upon it. There was dirt on the seats and the windows, on the hair and hands of the waiters, on the table-cloth, and the knives; a pitiable place truly. After leaving it, our next stage was like to have been our last, for after bounding along at the rate of fifty-six miles an hour, the compartment began to fill with smoke. My fellow-passenger's fears could not be allayed, so I, thanking Providence for the foresight which had induced me to read the placard, let down the window, found and pulled the cord of communication. This I did for the space of half an hour without attracting any attention, and had we not been obliged to pull up at a small station owing to a luggage train having broken down in front of us, we must soon have been burnt to death. To so many modes of destruction does travelling by railway expose us! The accident we learnt had been but a slight one; twelve trucks had been thrown off the line, and the stoker broke his leg, the guard escaping with a few injuries. It is said the cause of this was that a director kept a passenger train waiting for him some fifteen minutes. I pray this may not be my wife's cousin, though indeed, unless the loss of life were very severe, I do not think any censure would be passed upon him. While the line was being cleared I left my carriage and ascended the embankment to view the scene of the disaster. It is a strange thing how such hard materials can be smashed to pieces so completely. Shall not enter more about this in my diary, for every public journal has daily accounts of something similar. At last we did arrive in London,

after a journey which, if not prosperous, may be counted as above the average. On the platform were my wife and children, who had been anxiously awaiting my arrival for three hours, and showed great joy at my safe return. I hear that a public dinner is talked of at the office to commemorate my expedition, the last I trust I shall undertake for many years. I was pleased to discover that my apprehension about my wife's cousin was unfounded, for I hear he has now been out of England these many weeks."

We hope no one will consider that what we have written has any semblance of levity about it. It is only by continually placing the statistics of railway accidents before the public in some form or another that the subject will not be allowed to sink into the oblivion which is the lot of most questions, however great may be the momentary interest they excite. To travel by an express and to volunteer to Ashantee may now be regarded in much the same light, while continued service in an excursion train might justly entitle a man to the possession of the Victoria Cross. The boldest man trembles when he has been locked up in a compartment to be half burnt, drowned, maimed, or killed. During the summer months the Companies are perfectly well aware that the trains will be crowded, that delay is inevitable, and yet, in order to compete with one another, they issue advertisements which they know to be misstatements, and run risks which it would be ridiculous to call accidental. "We will not be responsible for anything," they say; "you shall have no convenience, no attention, and if we destroy or damage what we undertake to convey, we will only pay you a fraction of the value of what you have lost." By and by, no doubt, a passenger when he takes his ticket will be required to assent to a graduated scale of compensation in the event of his own death or that of his children. Five pounds will be the maximum paid for a healthy man, two for a woman, one for a child, and half-a-crown for a member of either House of Legislature, for whom the directors may naturally entertain the most perfect contempt, seeing that they are entrusted with the government of the country and are utterly powerless to check the growth of abuses. What the last straw will be that will break the British camel's or ass's back is not to be conjectured. At present his complacency and patience are not to be disturbed. Interest in some things, he can show, it is true. To what extent the ravings of catleptic fanatics should be regarded as inspired, whether the present definitions of sociology may be accepted as final, are matters of real importance and worthy of his attention. On the other hand, the street he crosses, the line he travels by, the air he breathes, and the water he drinks, are out of his jurisdiction, and are to be commented upon by professional inspectors alone.

To criticize the minor discomforts of railways seems superfluous. Our dens for so-called refreshment have been immortalized by Dickens, and remain unchanged. All is desolation, from the slatterns with greasy curls to the skeleton of the ham covered by a wire shade, around which the heavy fly peculiar to the refreshment-room slowly gyrates when it has exhausted the sugar on the last bath-bun. Many of the stations are a disgrace to any line which pays a dividend. It is only very lately that Birmingham has been made tolerable. Stockport, Huddersfield, and Wellington vie in squalor and want of accommodation, the latter station being an important junction used by the Great Western and the North-Western. Perhaps, however, Staleybridge, "a busy cotton town of more than twenty-one thousand inhabitants," as Murray informs us, deserves the prize for dirt and misery. Here again we believe two Companies are interested, the Lancashire and Yorkshire and the North-Western; yet the wretched hovel which is called the station is hardly as large as a dog-kennel. Through the crevices of the platform an abyss is visible, down which it seems as if some day the whole structure might be precipitated by a high wind, when the public would learn with satisfaction that a "new erection had long been in course of contemplation."

We should like to enter upon another class of perils, if we had space—to trace the course of such rivers as the Irwell and Calder, and tabulate the cases of typhoid fever generated by their polluted waters. No life exists in or near them; the black stream creeps slowly by pestiferous banks of slimy ooze, past stag-headed trees destroyed by poisonous fumes, and under bridges across which the traveller runs to escape the sickening smells which pursue him. Accessions of refuse join the river from time to time; the neighbouring beck, charged with filth, blue in colour, from which a thick white steam rises, adds its contents. Near it, by some hideous irony, is a placard declaring that boys who bathe will be taken up. If such an event ever took place, the actors might have been mistaken for the *genti fangose* in the seventh circle of Dante's Hell. A naturalist would do well to take his station by it to test the truth of Lucretian theories, and see whether *loca Aterna* did not exist in England into which birds fell in the middle of their flight. The Calder, as is well known, is a very useful river. It supplies the inhabitants of Wakefield with excellent ink, and at the same time with three-fourths of their drinking water. Whether the Irwell is much used as a beverage we do not know; perhaps it is only in request for the adulteration of milk. The municipal elections will soon arrive, and an imperial election will follow at no very long interval. A candidate would deserve well of his country if he discovered the meaning of the word nuisance, or enabled it to comprehend something else besides the pigstye that abuts on the high road. From political parties, however, nothing can be expected; problems of deep moment have first to be solved; and it is absurd to look for an answer to a practical ques-

tion from a man who is wrapt in doubt as to whether, in the event of a Republic, the Duke of St. Albans and Lord Cork should retain their offices.

THE CHURCH CONGRESS.

WE have had occasion in former years to point out that the Church Congress has a merely superficial resemblance to those gatherings at which the votaries of science, archaeology, or "social science" gather together. The admission to these Congresses is at the good pleasure of any one who cares for their objects, while the world which each of them addresses is variably the whole human race or that particular section of mankind which cares to recognize its existence. The Church Congress restricts its membership to the members of an existing community, and exhibits the singularity of claiming to cover the whole ground of an old highly organized institution by a purely voluntary association of recent date. It is strictly within its own right in so doing. If the Church itself can healthily assimilate this new element of activity, no one inside of it has any right to cavil, and whether the assimilation be healthful or the reverse is absolutely no business at all of that portion of the community which has declined to share in the burdens or the benefits of the Church of England. So long as the Church itself is strong and important, and the Church Congress counts for something in it, public opinion, in newspapers and elsewhere, will continue to magnify the influence of the gathering by continuing to praise or to blame it; and we think that man must be a very glutton of notoriety who is not well content with the share of public attention which this annual incident has won for itself. Our own view is that the Church Congress does useful work in various ways. It must always be beneficial to a large and scattered body of men—every one of them inclined to move within the limited circle of his own opportunities and prejudices—to be wakened up to the fact that there is no question without at least two sides to it; while the very fact of voting being prohibited encourages freedom of debate by facilitating the free emission of probable opinions which do not involve any division list. The selection of subjects and of the orators to start the debates rests at each term of the Congress with a local Committee, which has to consider what topics are of present interest and importance to the Church with enough of novelty to arrest a lively attention, and withal enough of maturity to have been thought out by men whose opinions are worth obtaining, and at the same time just not explosive enough to ensure a row. For example, at the late Congress, Church rates would not have passed the first test; nor possible terms of intercommunion with the Old Catholics the second; nor confession the third. The theoretical arguments against such limitation are obvious; its practical utility in a purely voluntary assembly of only four days' duration is equally palpable.

We hardly think that the subject which stood first for discussion at Bath—the relation of the Church to labour and strikes—was strictly germane to the end of a Church Congress, although it led to a paper by the Bishop of Oxford, which was both sensible and manly, in spite of some vague theorizing as to the "natural equity" of labour sharing proportionately in the profits of agriculture, to which more importance has been attributed than it appears to have held in the speaker's own mind. With the best endeavours of most of the speakers to give a local colouring to their advice, the social aspects of the question always were uppermost, and the only conclusion really attained was that the Church as such had better be neutral. On the other hand it may be urged that it was good policy to risk a discursive debate in order to meet the unjust taunt that the Church is indifferent or hostile to the cry of distress sent up by suffering labour. Perhaps the best specimen of the practical value of the Congress in putting forward the two sides of a question each in its naked force was given when "the supply and training of candidates for Holy Orders" came under discussion. The Dean of Chester, formerly head of a distinguished public school at Liverpool, Canon Ashwell and Prebendary Church, principals of diocesan colleges, and Canon King, who has stepped from that post to the Chair of Pastoral Theology at Oxford, had successively read papers, or made speeches, characterized by remarkable powers of thought, in which they exposed from their experience the existing shortcomings of our system of theological training, and proposed remedies, all of them ingenious, and many practicable. Then the Bishop of Peterborough got up, and after very heartily accepting the theories as well as the statements of the preceding speakers, proceeded to sum up the "enormous practical difficulties" which were in the way. The question, from a material point of view, was one of supply and demand. Some of the most devoted clergymen in the country were actually breaking down for want of help, and could a bishop see them die at their posts while he exacted an impossible standard of ideal perfection on the men whom he could otherwise send to their rescue? The Bishop, as he put it, was a recruiting-sergeant in a time of war, when the standard had to be reduced. Here were the two views of the question—the theoretical and the practical—the evil and its possible remedy on one side, and the obstacles which seemed to postpone a complete cure to a far-off day on the other, put forward with more than usual talent. Society must be the gainer by such bold speaking, while, as we know, the first step towards meeting a complaint is to analyse the apparently dis-

cordant symptoms. But the Bishop of Peterborough's contribution to the discussion was not a purely negative one. He had traversed schemes for improving the quality of the recruits with a demurrer. He was ready with his proposal for making the most economical use of the men whom he had succeeded in enlisting irrespectively of their training. The practical dearth of clergy, so he argued, arose from the immovability of those who were actually at work. A liberal system of retirement should be created by voluntary munificence in aid of the "makeshift" Benefices Resignation Act for worn-out incumbents, so as to hasten the promotion; and then, said the Bishop, the old-fashioned notion that a large town parish could be worked by the regulation staff of rector and curate was as absurd an idea as that it could be lighted by a pair of wax candles. A college of missionary clergy, under the Bishop's orders, to go here and there as they were wanted, and give the assistance which the variable wants of each place demanded, has, he contended, become a pressing desideratum of our Church organization. This statement of the Bishop of Peterborough, which was totally unexpected, formed a very appropriate introduction to the debates of a subsequent day, upon the "increase of the episcopate," in which happily the diocesan of the future was no longer treated as an isolated policeman, but as the head of a constitutional organization of chapter, synod, and multiplied societies; and upon the "proper work and influence of cathedrals and chapters," when Canon Selwyn, Mr. E. A. Freeman, and Canon Norris developed the ideal reformed cathedral of the "old foundation" in its manifold aspects of usefulness, while Mr. Beresford Hope showed how far his Cathedral Act of the last Session would enable private munificence to contribute to the realization of the picture. It was shown not only that the reformed cathedral must go *pari passu* with the increased episcopate, but that in this very cathedral was found the germ of that college of missionary clergymen which, as the Bishop of Peterborough urged, was one of the most pressing spiritual needs of the day; while it was equally clear that cathedrals in co-operation with the old Universities were the best centres of that higher clerical training for which Canon Ashwell and Canon King so forcibly pleaded. A very powerful argument for the necessity of corporate combination of work in another department of Church activity had on the previous day been offered by Sir Bartle Frere in speaking of missions to the heathen. He contrasted the isolated and ineffective results of single English missionaries—both Churchmen and Dissenters—tied down by the abundant coils of red tape provided by home Societies, and limited to what their employers chose to consider direct spiritual work, with the more complete system, the more practical aims and larger performances, of missionary organizations provided by Roman Catholics and Moravians, in which the object is to build up a Christian and a civilized community in the midst of savage heathendom, and where, in accordance with the design, the missionaries carry on the operations of social life side by side with their direct religious teaching. Sir Bartle Frere declared, from his personal observation at Zanzibar, that the Oxford and Cambridge Mission to Central Africa, which was successfully conducted on such common-sense principles by Bishop Mackenzie and Bishop Tozer, had, contrary to the assertions of its gainsayers, been decidedly successful.

We should not omit to notice the very eloquent sermon with which the Bishop of Derry commenced the proceedings of the Congress, which, if faulty in any respect, was principally so in being so remorselessly fair to and against all parties as to make it pretty sure that its author would have trodden upon a great many very tender corns. Canon Lightfoot's brilliant essay, in which he reconciled the stability of dogma with elasticity in the expression of it according to the wants of the age, is a contribution to theological literature from which all parties may draw useful lessons.

A meeting not included in the original programme of the Congress was called with the sanction of the genial President, the Bishop of Bath and Wells, and under the Chairmanship of the Bishop of Dover, to hear a report of the Dean of Chester of the recent Old Catholic Congress at Constance, and generally to express sympathy with the movement. It would be not only wrong, but impossible, for English Churchmen at this stage of Old Catholicism to do more; but, considering the many affinities between that movement and the English Reformation, we think such expressions of friendly feeling desirable, now that the recognition of the Old Catholic organization by the Prussian Government has removed difficulties which might otherwise have occurred by the establishment of relations between the body which professes to maintain its identity with Roman Catholicism before June 1870 and a community which has long separated itself from Rome.

We could dilate on other interesting discussions to which the Bath gathering gave rise, including one on the relations of Church and State well argued out in a paper by Sir Stafford Northcote, and an animated evening spent in considering the duty of the Church to the masses of the people, at which Mr. MacLagan and the Bishop of Manchester spoke with much earnest gravity. But we have said enough to show that the value of Church Congresses is not to be tested by the well-reported and breezy quarters of an hour when it pleases Archdeacon Denison or some other jovial athlete to trail his cassock. Exciting as such episodes may be, they no more gauge the real work of a Church Congress than a Whalley or an Auberon Herbert scene represents the habitual employments of the House of Commons.

GLASGOW.

NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE, who was not a bad judge on such a subject, has said in one of his Note-books that he is inclined to think Glasgow, in spite of the sternness and grimness of its aspect, "the stateliest of cities"; but it may be doubted whether it leaves so favourable an impression upon most of its visitors. The streets are mostly wide and regular, and the general architecture of offices and dwelling-houses, as well as of the public buildings, is handsome and substantial. The whole city is built of a particular kind of dark grey granite, as if out of the same quarry; and though a granite house may be ugly, it can never be mean. There is a natural nobility about the material which is not to be effaced, and the long perspectives of massive stone, uniform and even monotonous in their plain solidity, are certainly imposing. Any one who has walked through the streets of Glasgow in the clear dawn of a summer morning, before the dark canopy of smoke has gathered overhead, will hardly be disposed to question the justice of Hawthorne's epithet. But then, how often is there a chance of seeing Glasgow by such a light? On most days of the year it is steeped in wet grey mist, or wrapped in yellow vapour, and in such an atmosphere the granite looks doubly cold and grim and comfortless. The dirty streets, the plashing of the sloppy crowd, the dark grey houses, the pervading gloom above and below—everything combines to make the scene dismal and depressing. One is struck by the poor and slatternly look of many of the people; haggard men in broad bonnets and ragged frieze; troops of mill-girls with naked feet, scanty petticoats, and a dingy shawl round the head. Towards the Trongate and Saltmarket the squalor and the swarming, filthy wretchedness are pitiful in the extreme. With the exception, however, of the low Irish, who have a sort of quarter to themselves, the working-folk of Glasgow are, on the whole, a prosperous body, and might say with Meg Merrilies, "It's no that we hevna braw claes, but we dinna care to pit them on." They prefer to keep their finery for special occasions, when the shoeless mill-girl expands like a grub into a butterfly. Altogether the general appearance of Glasgow is hardly prepossessing to a stranger. It is the very reverse of a show town. There is nothing striking or romantic in its situation or construction. It is a busy, hardworking community, intent on business, and it has no loungers of its own and nothing to attract idlers from elsewhere. Buchanan Street is a handsome street with some brilliant shops, but the showy part of it is soon exhausted, and there is scarcely anything else of the same kind in the city. The wet climate, the smoke, and the universal granite masonry, all combine to produce a sombre and chilling effect. Glasgow is, no doubt, a handsome and stately city, but it is sadly deficient in brightness and colour. It is all grey stone and grey sky. You look in vain for a green leaf or patch of grass, and are thankful to come upon a dead wall with a circus advertisement. The bill-sticker alone relieves the dismal monotony of dingy grey. Thackeray mentions an elderly gentleman who, when he went to a party, being unable to dance, and yet desiring to contribute to the entertainment of the company, wore a large red velvet waistcoat. A few philanthropists of this kind would be a great boon to Glasgow; but something might perhaps be done with the uniform of the police to break the chromatic gloom. Natives will seldom admit that it is raining, but they allow that the weather is occasionally "soft." The degree of softness is explained by meteorological observations. Cairndow, on the banks of Lochfyne, is the wettest place in Scotland, and perhaps in the world. Last year it was drenched with a hundred inches of rain. At Glasgow the rainfall was nearly sixty-two inches, and in June and July it was even greater than at Cairndow. Under these circumstances it is not perhaps surprising that the City Chamberlain should think it necessary to suggest to the Town Council in his annual Report the consolatory hope that in another world at least departed Glaswegians will "bask for ever in the eternal glories of a midsummer's sun."

Glasgow is now the third city in the kingdom in size and population, and one of the chief ports; and it has the greater reason to be satisfied with its progress because it has been owing entirely to its own enterprise and perseverance. It made the river which has made its fortune. At the end of the last century Glasgow was only a petty market town, with a small quay overgrown with broom. The Clyde was a narrow, tortuous streamlet, almost beyond reach of the tide. Its course, far below Dumbarton, was broken by shallow lagoons, interspersed with low islets and marshy swamps. The Clyde is now as navigable as the Thames. In the course of some sixty or seventy years it has been deepened from about three feet to twenty-three feet. The works necessary for this purpose have been carried out with great energy and at vast expense. Since 1770 more than five millions and a half have been spent on this object, while the annual expenditure in maintenance and dredging is still considerable. The operations cannot be suspended, as deposits from above and tidal influence below would otherwise quickly restore the channel to its primitive condition. Fifteen millions of cubic yards of material have been dredged up during the last twenty-eight years, and last year the quantity was nearly a million cubic yards. There is probably no part of the country in which such rapid and yet such steady progress has been made as in Glasgow. In 1810 there were on the register only twenty-four ships, with a tonnage of less than two thousand tons; there are now nearly a thousand ships, with a tonnage of half a million. Ships to the value of some seven millions were launched last year on the Clyde, the aggregate value of all the vessels built

during the last ten years being nearly thirty-six millions. The Customs duties of Glasgow now form a tenth of the whole Customs' receipts of the United Kingdom. The rental of the city has about doubled in fifteen years. Figures are dull things, but figures like these are the best proof of life. The steady prosperity of Glasgow is no doubt owing to the number of different industries upon which it rests. If one breaks down for a time, there are plenty of others to keep it going. It is not only a great port, but the centre of an important coal and iron region; and almost every process of manufacture is represented within its bounds. Shipbuilding, engineering, cotton and woollen goods, shawls and muslins, flax-spinning, silk-spinning, carpets, chemicals, pottery, and glass-making—there are scarcely any of the great manufactures in which Glasgow does not compete; nor does it despise the minor ones. It is thus a great producing as well as a great commercial community, and includes a large variety of interests which all help on each other and quicken the pace at which the city progresses. In these things Glasgow has certainly a reward for its public spirit and enterprise, and some compensation for its unfortunate climate. People who do not mind being damp have every chance of making their fortunes.

In former days there was a chronic feud between the peaceful inhabitants of Glasgow and the marauding Highlanders, although, as in Baillie Jarvie's case, there were sometimes relationships between them. The mountaineers have now, however, come to form a considerable element in the city population. Glasgow is the favourite settling ground of Highlanders who have made any progress towards civilization. They find themselves more at home there than among the Saxons of Edinburgh, and there is of course a better chance of advancement. Away from the actual Highlands, there are probably more people who can speak Gaelic in Glasgow than in any other part of Scotland; and society has a distinctly Celtic flavour. Half of the population go by the name of Campbell, and the rest are nearly all McGregors or McDonalds. Reference to the Directory for the address of any one whose Christian name you have forgotten is therefore rather bewildering. There are traces of the Celtic nature in a certain fervour and quickness of temper, and a peculiar sensitiveness on the subject of national dignity. Celtic clubs assemble weekly or monthly to worship the thistle with abundant libations of toddy. Gaelic songs are sung, and the more romantic Campbells or McGregors divest themselves of trousers as a mark of respect to their freebooting progenitors. It might be a curious subject for inquiry how far the climate is responsible for the liberal consumption of whisky which is usually attributed to Glasgow; but the zeal of Celtic patriotism has no doubt a good deal to do with it. Glasgow has always been distinguished by its profuse and hearty, though sometimes perhaps rather overwhelming, hospitalities; but it is no less remarkable for its piety than for its conviviality. The gloomy fanaticism of former years has been mitigated, and "compurgators" no longer prowled about the streets on Sunday to capture ungodly persons who have neglected to go to church. Yet it is only a few years since passengers by the Sunday steamer on the Clyde were stoned on starting or returning by the Christians on the banks. The intense dreariness and desolation of a Sunday afternoon in Glasgow can hardly be described. The long, blank, bleak streets are deserted, except when the congregations—the males all *de rigueur* in black, as if at a funeral—are pouring into or out of church. There is a story of some Scotch drovers who thrashed a man for looking cheerful on the Sabbath-day, and it would require some courage to attempt any levity of this kind in Glasgow. Apart from the services at church, the day is mostly spent in strict seclusion within doors; but it is supposed to be understood that there is no Scriptural injunction against the use of hot water and whisky. It may be admitted that there is not much temptation to quit the house. The streets are grim and gloomy, and there is no green country within easy reach. It is true that at one end of the town there is the old Green, and at the other the New Park; but the one is far from attractive, and the other rather out of the way. It is not surprising that during the greater part of the year the inhabitants of Glasgow should make a point of endeavouring to live at a distance from it. About May there is a migration towards the Bridge of Allan, and the summer and autumn are passed "down the water," at some of the pleasant places on the Clyde. During these months the greater part of the city is an absolute desert; and the tendency would seem to be to leave it sooner every year, and to go back to it later. The higher order of mercantile grandees do not live in Glasgow at all; they are established in baronial castles in the surrounding country, where they cultivate patriarchal habits with an odd mingling of the clan chieftain and the country gentleman.

There is an old jealousy between the two chief cities of Scotland, which time has not abated. Glasgow rather resents the nominal supremacy of Edinburgh as the capital, while Edinburgh is perhaps somewhat jealous of the exuberant prosperity of its Western rival. While the ancient city accuses the modern one of vulgar ostentation and materialism, and hints that Glasgow ladies dress only to show how much they can afford to spend, Glasgow sneers at what it calls the stuck-up gentility and intellectual affectation of the Modern Athens. Glasgow is a self-made city and a city of self-made men. It is socially democratic, though it has lately been growing politically Conservative, and the tendency of material prosperity is naturally towards costly display. The ordinary pursuits of the inhabitants do not run exactly in the line of intellectual study; and they certainly cannot be accused of academical affectations. The flutter of red gowns has been transferred from the old

town to the new; but the University remains as before a sort of High School, without the discipline of masters. By an odd custom, however, eminent statesmen continue to deliver grave addresses to a rabble of noisy schoolboys who pass by the name of "nations." It has lately become fashionable among the upper classes to attend, or at least to subscribe to, a course of scientific or literary lectures; and all classes have a more genuine passion for good music. There are frequently cheap and excellent concerts in the public halls, while the local aristocracy enjoy their own exclusiveness at private residences or subscription concerts, which are kept very select, and are sometimes given in a church. The traditions of austere Presbyterianism are opposed to the stage, but, though the theatre is little frequented except by the lower classes, Italian operas, having the stamp of fashion, are assumed to be quite compatible with a severe piety. Social enjoyments are, indeed, chiefly of a domestic order. On the whole, Glasgow possesses the attributes of an energetic, thriving, and wealthy community, which, as its prosperity increases, will no doubt be more disposed to cultivate the amenities and refinements of life. In its lustiness and prosperity, however, it does not apparently forget that it is only a city of mortals, though no doubt mortals of a very superior order. The Roman Emperor kept an attendant to remind him occasionally that he was only a human being, and Glasgow is provided with a Chamberlain who does not neglect to convey a similar warning in his annual Report. There are, he says, only six bigger cities in Europe. "Yet if we boast, it should be very gently." Babylon, Troy, and Carthage have been swept from the face of the earth, and the site of Glasgow may some day be a problem for geographers. This is certainly a wholesome frame of mind for a rich city to cultivate.

ANNUAL MEETING OF THE ALLIANCE.

THE report of a breach in the Alliance was unfounded. The few comparatively sensible persons who thought that by its interference in public it was doing more harm than good have yielded to the fanatical majority, and the Alliance will continue to do its best to damage the chances of the Liberal party at elections. Conservatives who may be disappointed at their own failures at Bath and Taunton may take comfort from observing that they can lose nothing, and may probably gain much, by the activity of the Alliance. It was indeed rather discouraging to Conservatives to find that at Bath the Permissive Bill candidate polled only fifty-seven votes, because at that rate the apprehended division of the Liberal party on this question has almost no practical importance. But Sir Wilfrid Lawson, who never, under any circumstances, despairs, is able to derive particular comfort from the Bath election. "A gallant man went to Bath with no other object than to tell the truth." If this were so, it may be hoped that the gallant man was not disappointed. It was predicted a year ago that the policy of Sir Wilfrid Lawson and his friends would destroy the Liberal party and break up the Alliance. Sir Wilfrid Lawson is obliged to confess that the Liberal party is at this moment "just a little shaky." So far, he says, the newspaper prophecy has been fulfilled; but with regard to the breaking up of the Alliance, he had only to look round the room where he was speaking to see that the second prophecy had not been fulfilled. The Alliance has not been destroyed; but it is at this moment more hearty, more healthy, more hopeful than ever it was. The wedge is still sticking in the timber, and a stout arm wields the mallet that will drive it home. The Alliance has been severely lectured for the course it took last year; but Sir Wilfrid Lawson thinks that the lecturing came from persons who hoped that the Alliance would support their views. In other words, certain Liberals fancied that the leaders of the Alliance still belonged to their party, and were amenable to its claims. But these Liberals were mistaken. The Alliance is for itself and nothing else. Surely Priam, and the sons of Priam, will rejoice to learn that there has been a secession from the Greek camp. There are, says Sir Wilfrid Lawson in effect, the Anti-Game-Law people, the Female Suffrage people, the Contagious Diseases people, and the Financial Reform people, all making themselves fools in their own particular ways, and we will make ourselves fools in our way. Surely a Conservative ought to remember every day with gratitude the divisions of his enemies. All these crotchets and many more have been contrived by perverse ingenuity for the torment of the Liberal Whip. Even the accession of Mr. Bright to the Cabinet, which has conciliated some varieties of fanatics, only increases the mischievous energy of the Alliance. They have been told by Mr. Bright that their proceedings show "a remarkable absence of wisdom," and they are anxious to justify his opinion. Mr. Bright is blamed for being ignorant that the Permissive Bill has been "in successful and beneficent operation" in the United States for the last twenty years. Mr. Bright, like other members of Parliament, is no doubt tolerably well acquainted with the course of American legislation on this subject. A Permissive Law certainly prevails in the sense that everybody does as he likes in New England. Sir Wilfrid Lawson remarks—we will not say complains, for he seems to like it—that after every Liberal defeat the newspapers lay the blame on the Alliance, and say that the only good it could do would be to commit suicide and get out of the way. But if the Liberal newspapers say this, we should expect that the Conservatives, on the other hand, would beg the Alliance and its worthy chief to take particular care of their precious health, and to avail themselves of the beneficial effect of change of air, by

attending all the contested elections of the kingdom. It must be rather discouraging to Liberals to hear the account which Sir Wilfrid Lawson, who at any rate is not a Conservative, gave of the present appearance of the Liberal party before constituencies. There are, says he, two parties, one of which is blue, and the other is trying to look blue. The admitted difficulty of distinguishing between a Liberal Conservative and a Conservative Liberal has been removed from many minds by the observation that the former is furthest removed from the possibility of being influenced by the Alliance. "The rival candidates wrote exactly the same things, and forthwith everybody rushed about the town and voted, not for any principle, but for a colour." This is Sir Wilfrid Lawson's description of recent elections. And he adds that, "as a rule lately, when this had taken place, the Tory had won, and very naturally." Borrowing a metaphor from the publicans, he says that people do not like adulteration, they like the real article. In short, they prefer blue to bluish red. As an observer of current politics, even Sir Wilfrid Lawson may have his value. Liberals, he says, have been trying to pass for Conservatives, and they succeeded pretty nearly, but not quite, and then they laid the blame of failure on the Alliance. Sometimes they say that the Alliance did too little, and sometimes that it did too much, but they always say that it has done mischief. We almost wonder that Mr. Disraeli does not write a handsome cheque, and send it to the Secretary of the Alliance as a donation from an anonymous admirer. He might be quite sure that he would make no mistake in doing that.

The Report of the Executive Committee of the Alliance shows that its members are well satisfied with their work, and if subscribers think that they have got value for their money, that is enough. In reference to the Bath election, the Report states that an earnest band of supporters of the Permissive Bill requested Mr. Thompson to become a candidate and accept their votes. In yielding to the earnest invitations of devoted friends—we observe that members of the Alliance are always earnest—the candidate did not contemplate the possibility that, by "organized ruffianism," all chance of propounding his principles would be hindered. Thus Mr. Thompson got no hearing and only very few votes, and all that seems to have resulted from his visit to Bath was an opportunity of protesting against the violence of "a band of men in party colours." The supposition that this band of men was organized to prevent Mr. Thompson going to the poll seems to us extravagant. If the enemies of the Alliance were judicious, they would hardly deny to its selected candidate the opportunity of receiving in a large constituency the votes of fifty-seven electors. We are quite willing to believe that these were earnest electors who declined to subordinate principles to party; but still, when you come to count noses the total of them was only fifty-seven. Still there is nothing like putting a good face upon one's failures. At Liverpool the managers of the Alliance felt confident that the candidature of Mr. Caine "would evoke considerable sympathy and active support." In this they say that they were not mistaken. The meetings held in his interest were "of a remarkable character as to moral tone as well as to political vigour." We think that all this is not much for the money; but then we are not subscribers to the Alliance. As regards the division in the House of Commons last Session, the Committee are aware that by some of the members of the Alliance the division was regarded with pain and disappointment, but the Committee are satisfied that everything is ordered for the best. They had calculated on a falling-off in their supporters as compared with previous years. The energy of their opponents, although it helped to defeat the Bill, was most gratifying to the Committee, as proof of their own progress in approaching the enemy's intrenchments. The Committee are at least able to comfort themselves by contemplating "that gallant band of ninety, unawed, fearlessly standing by sobriety, morality, and justice," in the face of a combination of Government Opposition and the publicans which commanded the votes of 330 members.

The Committee enter into a defence of their Resolution of last year, which comes in effect to this—that the Alliance cannot be accused of interfering in politics because it is not political. The Council merely recommended constituencies to nominate candidates favourable to the Permissive Bill, and undertook to give these candidates "every possible support by deputations, lectures, and the distribution of publications." In the event of any constituency being unable to supply itself, the Council undertakes to find a "suitable candidate," and this is explained to mean suitable without regard to party. The Alliance may, for anything we know to the contrary, have had "suitable candidates in readiness," both Liberal and Conservative, and if both political parties have not equally availed themselves of the assistance offered to them, that has certainly not been the fault of those who offered it. We can easily believe that some supporters of the Alliance have been disturbed at the discovery that they would be expected to rejoice at the return of a Conservative if he pledged himself to the Permissive Bill. But still if these supporters have been reconciled to the policy of their leaders, that is enough. Money will doubtless be forthcoming to supply "deputations, lectures, and publications" to constituencies that desire them, and we may assume that, from a non-political point of view, the literary and oratorical efforts of the Alliance do not do much harm and may do a little good. The complaint of Liberal managers of elections is that the result of the operations of the Alliance, if there be any tangible result at all, is to divide the Liberal strength, and thus promote the return of Conservatives. But that complaint does not at this moment

concern us. The Committee think that their policy is not likely to be approved by opponents of the Alliance. We think, on the contrary, that opponents are likely to be well pleased at observing that an association, whose strength they may have feared, is wanting in discretion. It is almost an absurdity to suppose that the Alliance can supply, as it undertakes, candidates of either party, unless its leaders really go the length of saying that they themselves are ready to profess any principles, and support any Ministry, as long as they can get into Parliament, and vote for Sir Wilfrid Lawson's Bill. We can of course believe that a limited number of perfectly honest fanatics can be found to go this length, but we do not believe that an organization of such persons can permanently and strongly influence public opinion. The resolution of the Council "to develop an electoral department" is announced with the usual magniloquence of its authors. It has possibly received more attention than it deserves, and probably a little more experience will moderate the ardour of the promoters of the scheme. We must protest against the assumption of the Alliance that all the world is to be divided into the publican and the anti-publican parties. Many persons would say that they belong to their own party, and that they aim at preserving their own reasonable comfort and convenience.

THE SANDWICH ISLANDS.

A LECTURE on the Sandwich Islands by Mark Twain is obviously intended less to convey information than to furnish opportunities for the display of the lecturer's peculiar humour. Yet the sketch given of the history and condition of those islands ought to be interesting to Englishmen even if it were not enlivened by Mark Twain's jokes. There is indeed a dreary uniformity in the accounts which reach us from all the islands of the Pacific Ocean. Christianity, strong drink, and complicated diseases have been operating simultaneously, and everywhere population dwindles, and in many islands it threatens to disappear. The mountains and volcanoes of those islands are still almost unexplored, and perhaps travellers who have "done" the Alps and Pyrenees may advantageously turn their attention to Mouna Kea, of which the height is 13,587 feet. We think that Mr. Cook ought to turn his particular attention to islands which were discovered by another bearer of the same great name.

James Cook, who died at Hawaii, was born in Yorkshire in 1728. He was son of an agricultural labourer and farm-bailiff; he was apprenticed to a haberdasher, but procured his discharge, and entered the service of a firm engaged in the coal trade at Whitby. It was stated a few years ago that the ship in which he made his first voyage had arrived in the Thames with a cargo of coal from the North. Having risen to be mate, he volunteered into the royal navy in 1755. He was soon distinguished as a skilful and trustworthy seaman, and became master of a sloop, in which he served at the capture of Quebec. He took soundings of the river opposite to the French fortified camp, preparatory to an attack thereon, and he performed so well this difficult and dangerous service that he was afterwards employed to lay down a chart of the river from Quebec to the sea. This chart was published, and for a long time was the only one in use. In following years he studied mathematics and had much practice in marine surveying in Newfoundland and Labrador. The credit which he acquired in these employments caused him to be selected in 1767 to conduct a voyage in the South Pacific Ocean for astronomical and geographical purposes. He was promoted to the rank of lieutenant, being then nearly forty years of age. This was the sort of stuff out of which the masters of the British navy were made at the beginning of the French war, and this was the training of the men to whom British admirals looked for help when practical seamanship was needed in the conduct of a fleet. Sailing in search of a supposed Southern continent, Cook sighted the mountains of New Zealand, which had not been visited by Europeans since it was discovered by Tasman in 1642. Thus it is little more than a hundred years since the present seat of populous colonies was first seen by English eyes. In the same voyage he explored the Eastern coast of New Holland, and gave it the name of New South Wales. In his second voyage he discovered New Caledonia, the largest island in the Pacific next to New Zealand, and he proved the possibility of keeping in check that terrible enemy of early navigators, scurvy. In this voyage he lost only four of his ship's company, and only one by sickness. In his third voyage he made for the Friendly Islands, of which Fiji is now the best known, and, shaping thence a north-easterly course, discovered the islands to which he gave the name of his patron the Earl of Sandwich. It is remarkable that these islands had escaped the notice of the Spaniards, for whose trade they would have furnished a convenient halting-place, and also of Anson, who sailed into the Pacific to interrupt that trade. They are nearly in the latitude of Jamaica, and about two thousand miles to the south-west of San Francisco. Cook sailed thence to seek a North-East passage to Europe, and was stopped by the ice in Behring's Strait. Returning to winter at the Sandwich Islands he met his death. A boat was stolen; he went on shore to recover it; a quarrel ensued with the natives, ending in a skirmish in which Cook was killed.

The race of great navigators has now become extinct because there are no seas, except around the Poles, left unexplored. It is almost impossible to realize the vague dread with which the

Pacific and its islands were regarded only a century ago. Transportation to New South Wales was to the timid or the feeble a dreadful punishment, but to the young, bold, and active convict it was the opening of a road to wealth, if he had the sense to use it. In 1740 Anson commenced that voyage of which the journal reads more like a particularly clever fiction than a narrative of actual facts. He doubled Cape Horn with an ill-fitted ship and a sickly crew, stopped at the island of Juan Fernandez for repair and refreshment, sailed thence to the Spanish coast of America, which he kept for eight months in continual alarm; then he crossed the Pacific to Macao, where he repaired his ship, and sailing again, he intercepted the galleon coming from Acapulco to Manila with a treasure on board of 313,000*l*. Anson, like Cook, discovered early an inclination for the sea. But he, being of a good family in Staffordshire, got a start in his career which ended with a peerage. In 1787 Bligh sailed to Otaheite in the *Bounty*, which was employed to transplant the bread-fruit tree to the West Indies. The mutiny of the crew, the captain's voyage of four thousand miles in an open boat with the few men whom the mutineers could not trust, the subsequent capture and punishment of some of the mutineers, and the settlement of others in an island where they lived in happy obscurity for many years—all this formed a story which neither poet nor novelist could improve. The place where the mutiny occurred is close to Fiji, which now enjoys all the advantages of civilization as fully as the Sandwich Islands, and publishes a newspaper, of which copies are frequently sent by post to England.

The three voyages of Cook in the Pacific were interspersed between the warlike expedition of Anson and the beneficent mission of Bligh. In the first voyage Cook was accompanied by Sir Joseph Banks, who promoted the second and third voyages, and also the voyage of Bligh, in the interest of science and economy. The record of the third voyage is a sumptuous book in three volumes quarto, of which the first two were written by Cook himself, and the last by another hand after his death. The Sandwich Islands were first seen by Cook on the 18th of January, 1778. He was struck with the eagerness of the natives to obtain iron, "which it was plain they had only heard of, or had known it in some small quantity, brought to them at some distant period." When they first came on board they endeavoured to steal everything they fancied, so that Mark Twain's observation as to the commercial instinct of the Kanakas is confirmed by Captain Cook. "One of the natives, having stolen the butcher's cleaver, leaped overboard, got into his canoe, and hastened to the shore, the boats pursuing him in vain." Such a valuable article as a cleaver was doubtless immediately appropriated by the King. Even an iron nail was a fortune to the possessor, who let it out for hire to his neighbours when they wanted to bore holes. Cook laboured with indifferent success to enforce on his crew certain "regulations dictated by humanity." "I had been equally attentive to the same object," he writes, "when I first visited the Friendly Islands; yet I afterwards found, with real concern, that I had not succeeded." Cook was reluctantly convinced that these islanders did, on special occasions, and as a great treat, eat human flesh. The practice was more reprehensible here than in New Zealand, because the Kanakas were so well supplied with pigs when Cook visited them, that he laid in salt pork sufficient for a twelvemonth's voyage. He describes himself as questioning an old man whether he would eat a suspicious-looking piece of meat, and the old man laughed at the simplicity of the question, and said that it would be very nice. The death of Cook is believed to have been caused by unpremeditated violence; but, being dead, the natives picked his bones as a matter of course. Indeed he wrote a passage which curiously anticipated his own fate. An islander who wanted to get on board was refused, and he asked whether, if he should come in, he would be killed and eaten. He used such expressive signs that there could be no doubt as to his meaning. This gave an opening to retort the question as to his own practice, and another native answered, that if the strangers were killed on shore, the natives would certainly eat them. "He spoke with so little emotion that it appeared plainly to be his meaning that they would not destroy us for that purpose, but that their eating us would be the consequence of our being at enmity with them."

Cook was greatly struck with the fact that "the same nation" had spread itself in so many detached islands, so widely disjoined from each other, in every quarter of the Pacific Ocean. He found it from New Zealand to the Sandwich Islands, and from Easter Island to the New Hebrides—that is, over twelve hundred leagues from north to south, and sixteen hundred and sixty leagues from east to west. He calls it, "though not the most numerous, the most extensive nation upon earth," and he was nearly right, for the Russian Empire, although extending much further from west to east, has less depth from north to south. The excellent situation of the Sandwich Islands was obvious to the practical eye of Cook. If they had been discovered earlier, he thought that the Spaniards would have made them a refreshing place to the ships that sailed annually from Acapulco for Manila. They lie almost midway between Acapulco and the Ladrões, "which is at present their only port in traversing this vast ocean," and it would not have been a week's sail out of their common route to have touched at them, nor would there have been any hazard of losing the passage, as the islands are sufficiently within the verge of the easterly trade wind. An acquaintance with these islands would have been equally favourable to our buccaneers, who used sometimes to pass from the coast of America to the Ladrões with a stock of food and water scarcely sufficient

to preserve life. Here they might always have found plenty, and have been within a month's sail of the very part of California which the Manila ship is obliged to make. "How happy would Lord Anson have been, and what hardships would he have avoided, if he had known that there was a group of islands half way between America and Tinian, where all his wants could have been effectually supplied!"

It appears that Mark Twain went from San Francisco to the Sandwich Islands to supply himself with a fresh subject for humorous description. "The extensive continent of America to windward" has sent to these islands in the course of a century many things besides portions of floating wreck containing scraps of iron. Missionaries have carried on their work so successfully that the establishment of Christianity has anticipated by a considerable period the extinction of the native race. But that race is doomed all the same. American sugar-growers occupy the coast, and the interior is unknown alike to native and stranger as it was when Cook first touched there. The lecturer's description of the beauty of the scenery and the grandeur of the volcanic operations is fully confirmed by earlier visitors to the islands. In Cook's time the only quadrupeds on the islands were the pig, dog, and rat. The two former were used for food by the natives as they are now. Mark Twain confessed that he could not understand why these islands should have been put in such an out-of-the-way place, so that he had to sail two thousand miles to get to them. It is, we think, convenient that there should still be some places in the world not easily accessible. But as regards these islands, Cook the second will certainly complete before long the work of Cook the first.

THE PARIS THEATRES.

THE English public, like other publics, possesses a terrible power of generalization. Two years ago some of the best members of the Comédie Française, the best company of actors in the world, paid a visit to London, and opened their season with classical plays. At first they played to empty benches; gradually the houses began to fill, and presently they made the success they deserved. They were seen to unusual advantage; for, owing to the small number of the troupe, the most insignificant parts were often filled by the greatest actors, and we saw M. Delaunay, perhaps the most finished and perfect actor among them, coming on the stage merely to deliver a letter with a word of explanation. Upon this the critics began to generalize, and held it up as an example to English actors. We were told that this was the custom of the Comédie Française; that by this condescension of a great actor to the part of a servant the harmony of the whole performance was secured. But in Paris, where there are plenty of people trained to appear on the stage as servants, M. Delaunay would no more dream of doing such a thing than would Mr. Irving in England. No doubt the fact that such things were done because they were necessary did help the general effect, and gave the English public a better chance of seeing and understanding what the climax of dramatic art is. And in time they did understand it, and as soon as they had understood it they began to generalize, and to reason that, because the acting and system of the Français is nearly perfect, therefore all French acting and all French dramatic systems are nearly perfect. Whatever has appeared in London in the shape of a French company since that time has been sure of success, and we have always been hearing the evil system of long runs in London compared with the continual change of piece which obtains in Paris.

Those who have instituted this comparison forget that a continual change of pieces, all well acted, can only be secured where a theatre is supported by a subsidy, and enabled to maintain a large staff of competent actors, and that very few of the Paris theatres are subsidized. At this moment there are many pieces enjoying a long run in Paris; foremost among those which are not essentially musical is *Le Gascon* at the Gaité, a drama in nine tableaux, which begins at a quarter-past seven and is scarcely ended at midnight. It is a piece of the kind which M. Fechter attempted to make popular in England, depending upon exciting situations, picturesque grouping, continual action, and plenty of limelight and swords. The Gascon, who is called Artaban de Puyecerdan, is the typical Gascon who appears under the name of D'Artagnan in Dumas's well-known romance, and under many other names elsewhere—an adventurer with a light heart and purse, who makes his way to success by his audacity and his natural gifts, in spite of the obstacles which Fortune throws in his way, or appears to throw; for it is evident to the spectator that the goddess really looks upon him with a favourable eye, and is bent on assisting him, while she pretends to discourage him for fear of compromising herself too much. This hero arrives at Paris in a penniless and tattered condition, and instantly finds a servant who provides him with money, and a mistress who takes care of him when he is wounded in a duel. He assumes the part of an ambassador from Gascony at the Court of Marie Stuart, in order to introduce to her Châtelard, who has helped him out of a scrape; he is beloved by one of her attendants, Stella Roselli; obtains a ship to convey himself and a chosen band to Scotland for the purpose of watching over the Queen at the price of a boxing match with the captain; defeats the infamous plots of Lord Maxwell against the Queen, and, in short, does all that a Gascon who is the hero of a melodrama ought to do. The piece is good of its kind; it has much liveliness, much incident, and possesses

the great merit of never trenching on the boundaries of the possible. Its harmony of extravagance is so well preserved that the spectator is not in the least surprised to find a troop of ballet-girls in remarkably short checked petticoats, which stand for kilts, performing a grand Scotch ballet, the music to which is supposed to be supplied by a bagpiper whose costume is a mixture of Malvolio's, an old woman's, and a Hussar's, in the grand hall at Holyrood. To historical accuracy the authors—for there are two—make little pretensions, but they compensate for this by putting in a great deal of "scandal about Queen Elizabeth" and "Lor Dudley, duc de Leicester." Some of the tableaux are finely conceived—notably one in which the Queen passes into Holyrood under an arch formed by the swords of the faithful adherents who have just rescued her from the fury of a mob, who surround her with cries, which sound comic to English ears, of "Vive Calvin!" The scenery is poor; the grouping and dresses are good, but woefully wanting in the attention to detail which is to be observed at the Français, and now also at one at least of the London theatres. For instance, Lord Darnley wears the garter, which he has probably filched from the English ambassador, who appears without it; and a boy who climbs a scaffolding to see the Queen off from the shores of France, appears to welcome her at Edinburgh in the same attitude and costume on another scaffolding. We hope that the strong sense of his vocation which alone could have led him to undertake such a voyage with such a purpose was not mistaken. The part of the Gascon is played by Lafontaine, sometime a member of the Français, where he appeared to great advantage in parts requiring a certain hardness; and his excellent impersonation of the stiff Colonel in the *Fils de famille* will be remembered by those who saw it at the St. James's Theatre. Such a part as that which he is now playing is not suited to his powers; he has no spontaneous gaiety and lightness, no real charm or grace of manner. Wherever a serious or declamatory passage occurs he is admirable, and with the rest of the part he does all that intelligence unaided by natural gifts can do, but he does not make it what it ought to be. Fechter in his best days could have played it, and possibly Mr. Emmett might now, so as to enlist the sympathy and admiration of the audience throughout, and to create a romantic interest in the man. As it is, we fail to find this, and can only admire the skill of an actor who plays with so much success a part which he should never have undertaken. Madame Lafontaine, who used to play *ingénue* parts to perfection at the Français, is as unsuited to the part of the Queen as is her husband to that of the Gascon, and, like him, is so good an artist that she cannot be said to play it otherwise than well. She makes the most of the scene in which she is shut up alone with Châteaillard, the doors guarded by Maxwell's followers, from which compromising situation she is of course saved by the address and courage of Puyecerdan; but she has not the dignity or presence which a stage queen should have. The piece is extremely popular, and cries of "Vive la Gascogne!" from patriotic Gascons may be heard in the gallery as the curtain falls. One detestable custom prevails at this theatre—that of employing an act drop covered with advertisements; so that when we have seen the hero left for dead in the snow, we are not allowed to see him revive in the next tableau until we have learnt that at the sign of the "Grey Riding-coat" one returns the money if the clothes do not fit.

At the Folies Dramatiques another long run is going on. There the *Fille de Madame Angot* has reached its four-hundredth night. The music is pretty and sparkling, but neither that nor the piece possesses any extraordinary merit. The manager is anxious to bring out a new piece, and has attempted to weary his audiences by substituting indifferent artists for those of the original cast; but, in spite of all his efforts, they flock every night in numbers to the small theatre, where they are packed far closer than any London manager would dare to pack them. Any one who wishes to form an approximate idea of the Black Hole at Calcutta had better go to the Folies Dramatiques while the *Fille de Madame Angot* is still in the tide of success.

London is not the only place where people will run like sheep, night after night, to see an indifferent piece which has by chance made a hit. Meanwhile at the Français, where there is, as always, much to see and study, M. Mounet-Sully continues to assure his claim to a high rank on the stage by his performance of Hippolyte in Racine's *Phèdre*. M. Mounet-Sully has the natural advantages of a fine presence and a smooth sonorous voice. He makes use of these to better effect in such plays as Racine's than in any other, because he has the imaginative faculty strongly developed, and is therefore more successful where some warmth and energy must be supplied by the actor to the poet's work than where the author has completely carried out his own idea and left nothing to be added by its interpreter. The passion which, infused by the actor into the measured diction of Racine, fills up what is wanting in the character as written, is out of place in such plays as Victor Hugo's, which are already full, even to overflowing, with emotion. Thus M. Mounet-Sully's performance of Didier in *Marion Delorme* degenerates sometimes into extravagance. A tendency to bursting so suddenly into violence of tone and action is indeed his great fault; but this has much diminished since his first appearance at the Français, and will no doubt in time vanish altogether. In *Phèdre* he has seized accurately the rugged untamed nobility of the character, to which a certain wildness in his appearance readily lends itself; and while his fine action and delivery give additional grandeur to the grand, if stilted, lines of the poet in passages of rhetoric and description, his interpretation of subtle phases of feeling is no less excellent. His finest scene is that in which he

listens to his father's unjust accusations, trying in vain every means except a counter-charge to refute them, and finally goes out in despairing silence to meet his death; and this is magnificently played with voice, face, and gesture. The passage in which he begins to break out into the truth, and stops himself with a cry of "Je me tais," is rendered with a terrible fidelity to nature; and the remainder of the scene up to the exit, daringly given with an inarticulate expression of grief, leaves the true tragic stamp on the mind of the audience. Equally good, though on a less grand scale, is the love scene with Aricie, where the fine simple nature of Hippolyte is brought out with great skill. M. Mounet-Sully's whole performance is full of thought and study, and full also of dramatic instinct. Madlle. Sarah Bernhardt, another late addition to the company, plays Aricie with much grace, and is especially remarkable for the excellence of her diction, while M. Maubant's force and dignity of style come out well in the part of Thésée. Madlle. Roussel is hardly up to the very trying part of *Phèdre*. She has all its traditions, and knows exactly how to play it without possessing the force required to play it. A third and yet never recruit to the ranks of this theatre is M. Pierre Berton, who has for a long time enjoyed a success as first lover and romantic hero at the Odéon. So great indeed has been his reputation there, that he has been frequently spoken of as second only to Delaunay. If this be so, his translation to the Comédie only proves how wide is the gulf between first and second, and how much lower the standard of other theatres than that of the Français, on the boards of which M. Pierre Berton's want of grace and finish are, at present, painfully evident. Amongst his *débuts* the part of the Marquis de Presles in *Le gendre de M. Poirier*, long associated with the name of Bressant, has been chosen, and the contrast between that actor's noble and dignified bearing and the ungainly demeanour of the present representative of the part tells heavily against M. Pierre Berton.

M. Delaunay has been appearing principally in the *Nuit d'octobre* of Alfred de Musset and in the *Menteur* of Corneille—perhaps one of his best impersonations; the airy gaiety, the ringing voice and laugh, the reckless *abandon*, and the unstudied courtliness which M. Delaunay brings to the part carry the sympathy of the house with him from his first entrance to the fall of the curtain. Those who only know this play through Foote's vulgarized version and Mr. Charles Mathews's performance have no idea of the original. Mr. Mathews seldom fails to be amusing, but his *Liar* delivers his falsehoods as occasion arises with a dry volubility which could hardly fail to ensure detection. M. Delaunay's *Menteur* is entirely the creature of an overstrong imagination; you see that the crowd of gorgeous ideas in his mind must find a vent; and when once that is given, he follows upon lie as a natural result, until a harmonious structure of fiction is built up of such beautiful proportions and materials that it is an actual disappointment to see it destroyed. When it is so evident that the *Menteur* himself believes in his own lies as they flow from his fertile brain, it would be impossible for his listeners to refuse their credence. The climax of invention is reached in the story of the secret marriage and its results. The agony of confession and fervour of affectionate interest with which, kneeling at his father's feet, he reveals to him with horror the delicate situation of an imaginary wife, carry conviction irresistibly with them. The high comedy of this passage is enhanced by the admirable byplay of M. Got, who, as Cliton the valet, kisses the skirt of his master's cloak at this point with reverent admiration. Whether Corneille's play would be very amusing without the fine intelligence and brilliant execution of M. Delaunay is an open question; but, as it is, the very recollection of it provokes laughter. M. Delaunay's *Menteur* would be more properly called a romancer than a liar; and this interpretation of the part saves the father, who, as rendered by M. Maubant, is a personage of considerable dignity and interest, from ever appearing ridiculous.

But it is in *La nuit d'octobre* that M. Delaunay is seen to the highest advantage. It is noteworthy that the announcement for performance of this poem—for it can hardly be called a play—which contains no incident and has no attraction of accessories, which is simply a dialogue in verse between a poet and the Muse to whom he confides the story of his blighted love, never fails to fill the theatre. It is indeed a beautiful poem, and new beauties which do not occur to the mind in reading it are brought out by the wonderful acting of M. Delaunay and Madlle. Favart. It is difficult to realize the fact that the poet—pale, jaded, exhausted with sleepless nights, brooding over bitter memories, bursting now into extravagant denunciations of the woman who has been faithless to him, now sinking into weary, silent grief, finally making the effort to which the Muse urges him with a persistent tenderness, and shaking off the old sorrow to take up his work again—is the same actor who appears as the gay, laughing *Menteur*. Madlle. Favart's statuesque, yet tender, impersonation of the Muse makes a fine contrast to the impulsive passion of the poet, and the whole scene leaves a deeper impression on the audience than do many tragedies which deal with wider interests.

A new and pretty one-act comedy, called *L'été de la Saint-Martin*, by MM. Meilhac and Halévy, has been played many times at this theatre. It is just one of those pieces which cannot be seen in perfection at any other theatre, and can scarcely be seen at all in England. The plot is extremely slight, and has no element of novelty to recommend it; the dialogue is easy and natural, and at times witty, without any laboured smartness and without any of that bandying to and fro of rude repartee which passes for wit in some English comedies. But the success of the play depends in fact upon the delicacy of the acting, the burden of

which rests chiefly upon M. Thiron, who is as good and finished as ever in the character of an irritable and amorous old gentleman, and upon Madlle. Croizette, who has not long joined the company of the Français. She is a clever and graceful actress, with a great deal of playfulness, and will do very good service in high-comedy parts; her fault is one which is not often met with at this theatre—a rather indistinct and hurried utterance. The rest of the cast is filled up by Madame Jouassain and M. Pierre Berton, who, fortunately, have very little to do.

Manuel's pathetic little piece *Les Ouvriers* continues to be successful, and to give M. Coquelin the opportunity of showing that he can do far higher things than low comedy, his performance in which has of late shown signs of degenerating into overdone byplay and grimace. One fact which ought to be mentioned in connexion with the Français is that M. Regnier, one of its most distinguished members, has returned to the scene of his former triumphs to give his valuable services as stage manager. At the Porte St.-Martin, *Marie Tudor*, to which the management were reduced for their opening piece by the prohibition of *Le roi s'amuse*, as it was the only other piece of Victor Hugo's which had not been lately represented, continues to drag on its somewhat weary length. It is chiefly remarkable, as far as acting goes, for the fire which M. Lemaitre still manages to display in the small part of the Jew, and for Madame Marie Laurent's spirited performance of the Queen, which, however, bears so much of the mark of the boulevard that the words "*Je ne baisse pas la voix, il me semble*," produce an effect not altogether tragic. At the Grand Opéra Madlle. Fides-Devries has made an unaccountable success in *Faust*, and that great artist M. Faure continues to draw crowded houses with the *Coupe du roi de Thulé* and *Hamlet*. We may seem to have spoken at great length of the Comédie Française, to the exclusion of other theatres, but the fact is, as we have said above, that those who would find a temple of dramatic art where the system of "runs" and "stars" is unknown, where plays are mounted and characters interpreted with a study and finish that approach perfection, where the excellence of the individual is valuable for its part in the harmony of the whole, must seek it at the Français and not elsewhere.

ART AT THE VIENNA EXHIBITION.

VIII.

IN this concluding article we shall continue and complete the account which we began in a previous paper of the old and historic works within the Exhibition. Two countries only remain to be noticed—Russia and Austria; we shall commence with the former.

Russia has not contributed to Vienna so liberally of her unexampled historic stores as she did six years since to Paris. Yet exceptional interest attaches to more than three hundred specimens of metal-work, distributed over twelve cases, and illustrating the history of Russian ornament from the fourteenth to the seventeenth century. It is well known that the old religious pictures in the churches of Moscow and elsewhere, of which a few copies are here shown, have no more art value than that which belongs to the debased form of the Byzantine style. But it is also a fact that the sacred paintings in the Russo-Greek Church are not only framed but covered with highly-wrought plates of silver and silver gilt, frequently enriched with jewels of great beauty and worth. We remember to have seen on the Ikonostas in the Cathedral of the Assumption in the Kremlin a picture of the Madonna, said almost as a matter of course to have been painted by St. Luke, which was encased with metal-work and loaded with jewels valued at 45,000*l.* And one of the many anomalies presented by the sacred arts in Russia is that, while the ancient Church pictures are low in style and corrupt in type of the human figure, the accessory art of surface ornament, comprising repoussé work, chasing, enamelling, and other inlays, together with the setting of precious stones, belongs to a true and a vital school. Many of the examples here exhibited—such as silver-gilt glories for the heads of saints, and plaques which cover the whole surface of a picture save the faces, hands, and feet—are all but perfect pieces of surface decoration. The style in its historic basis is Byzantine—a style which, in its original habitat in the Eastern Empire, and even in its offshoots at Venice and Ravenna, maintains almost in perpetuity an exquisite sense of proportion and of symmetry, a true conception of conventional treatment, a happy compromise between nature and art, and a subtlety of detail and execution seldom equalled and never surpassed. The three hundred examples now before us—though in some instances not the best of their kind—prove that Russia in the decorative arts is heir to the Empire of the East. Her artisans through successive generations approach the Orientals, especially in the happy disposition of harmonious colour. In short, here in Vienna, Russia, standing as the most potent representative of Byzantium and of the Greek Church, has been, and in some measure still is, as greatly superior to Western Europe in the art of ornament as she is inferior in the treatment of the human figure. The collection here displayed, in common with many others, is for sale. The price asked is understood to be 3,000*l.*; less might perhaps be taken. Any ration intent on forming a Museum of Historic Art would do well to enter into negotiations for the purchase.

Russia wisely makes known in Vienna the reproductions from her historic monuments; she also places on view books illustrative

of national ornament, and of the arts held sacred in the Russo-Greek Church. From Novgorod comes the celebrated Korsun or Khersonesus door of the Cathedral of St. Sophia. We incline to think, notwithstanding the name, that this art has nothing to do with Khersonesus; the style corresponds rather to that of the old bronze-work found in Northern Germany. Indeed there is a tradition that this very door came from Magdeburg, and in support of its German origin we may quote the bronze doors we have recently seen in the Hildesheim Cathedral. The style and the date of the Hildesheim and of the Novgorod doors are not dissimilar; both are alike assigned to the tenth or eleventh century, which is also about the date of the old door of San Ranieri in the Duomo of Pisa. It so happens that the architectural styles of the cathedrals of Novgorod, of Hildesheim, and of Pisa are cognate; the stone-work, like the metal-work, shows an assimilation of Byzantine and Romanesque. There seems, in fact, but slight ground for the conjecture that the Novgorod doors are of Russian workmanship; they are, as we have shown, in all probability importations. This migration of the arts in Northern Europe is in many ways interesting; it corresponds naturally and almost of necessity with the migration of the peoples; the one in fact serves to illustrate the other. We have recently had the opportunity of tracing *in situ* in Germany works in bronze for ecclesiastical uses from the eleventh to the sixteenth century. This historic development is consecutive and complete, whereas in Russia the styles are either early or very late; thus the intermediate links are wanting. Russia has also sent to Vienna valuable reproductions of "architectural ornaments of the Cathedral of St. Demetrius in the ancient city of Vladimir." The date is the twelfth century; the style, which has been designated "Russo-Byzantine," may be compared to the Norman-Saracenic; the arches are stilted; the surface decorations embody animals, birds, &c. We have already pointed to recent architectural revivals in Russia and on the eastern frontier of Austria, which evidently are grounded on these and other like remains. In fact, as already remarked, the ancient Russo-Byzantine style, structurally as well as decoratively, affords the most legitimate basis for a national style. These invaluable reproductions have been secured for the "Germanisches Museum" at Nuremberg; no time should be lost in procuring duplicates for the South Kensington Museum.

Austria has certainly not impoverished any of her national collections in order to enrich her International Exhibition; the varied treasures scattered over Vienna remain, rightly, we think, untouched; and yet the Empire is not wanting in the rarest resources drawn from her great monasteries. The traveller who has tracked the course of the Danube over some hundreds of miles, who has sailed, for example, from Passau to Pesth, cannot fail to have been struck with the palatial monasteries which command the heights. The Rhine may be the region of feudal castles; the Danube, on the other hand, is the stronghold of convents. Klosterneuburg, Melk, Gran, and many others, stand as fortresses, as if planned as much for military as for monkish purposes; some of these richly endowed establishments are famous for their wine-cellars, while others are illustrious for their art treasures. The following are the chief establishments which serve to make, not so much in bulk as in rareness, an unexampled display in the Vienna Exhibition:—Klosterneuburg, the Bohemian Foundation of Strahow at Prague, the Upper Austrian Foundation at Lambach, the Presbytery of the parish church at Bruck in Styria, Kloster Putna, Suezewitz, and Dragomina, and the Cathedral Chapter at Czernowitz, all in the province of Bukowina; the Cathedral Chapters of Tarnow and Salzburg, the Cathedral Church at Presburg, the Cathedral at Brünn in Moravia, and the Metropolitan Cathedral at Gran.

The large Augustine monastery of Klosterneuburg, one of the richest and oldest in Austria, contributes enamels, of which a remarkable triptych in *champlevé* is not surpassed in Europe. This *reredo*, consisting of a centre and two doors, is scarcely less than twenty feet in length. The plaques, fifty-one in number, are enclosed in an enamelled framework; the subjects are taken from the Old and New Testaments; the figures are gold—that is, the metal groundwork is left, and the surface of the figures has been graven with lines for draperies, &c., into which is rubbed the composition used in niello-work. The colouring of the enamelling is blue, red, and green; the addition of gold with dark niello details makes a rich and varied combination. We know of no work more imposing, whether for magnitude or magnificence. Its early date, too, together with its antecedent history, adds to its importance. The fabric is of the twelfth century, wrought by a certain Nicolas de Verdun; the style is that of the Rhine, as distinguished from the enamels of Limoges; a style identified with Romanesque movement, vigour, and rudeness, as compared with the more refined and debilitated manner of Byzantium. It appears that this rare product of the twelfth century was sent in the fourteenth century to a goldsmith in Vienna, to receive certain additions, and the alterations then made so nearly match the original work as to lead to the inference that Vienna possessed artisans who had inherited the old traditions. We have already had occasion to speak of Hungary as a land of enamels, and the treasures which the Austrian monasteries here turn out for exhibition prove, if not a distinct centre of production, at any rate a point of common meeting, where styles from the East and from the West, and possibly also from as far north as Central Russia, intermingled. The Vienna Exhibition is rich almost beyond precedent in enamel; China and Japan have never before been so fully represented.

The monasteries of Hungary exhibit art treasures which in

general character are naturally allied to the sacred works that come from sister institutions in Austria. Yet it is interesting to observe in the ecclesiastical products of this Eastern nationality that tendency to Orientalism which we have found in the arts of Hungary, even down to the present day. A chief contributor is the Archbishop of Gran, the seat of the Hungarian Primacy, at one time said to have been the richest in Europe. The noble church and monastery of Gran, standing within fortress walls in strong command of the Danube below, are, like the other ancient and opulent monastic establishments of the Empire, rich in church vestments, tapestries, and plate. The textile fabrics exhibited in Vienna approach the styles found in the Kremlin, especially as to the decorative use of pearls, and the embroidered relief given to the figures. Among such fabrics is conspicuous a composition comprising the Lamb, the emblems of the Passion, the figure of an angel, &c., all in high relief and enriched with pearls. From the same "Schatz Kammer" comes a rare piece of early metal-work with interlacing ornament allied to the Runic. We may here remark of these ecclesiastical collections generally that the anomalies of styles found on the frontier lands of Hungary, Turkey, and Russia, where the arts of divers peoples meet and assimilate, become peculiarly perplexing. Chronologies are particularly difficult to determine because of the deceptive practice of reproducing at comparatively late periods early and archaic styles. This habit Austria has cherished in common with Russia, the Byzantine style in both nations being perniciously prolonged to perpetuity. But anything is preferable to the late Renaissance forms rampant in Western Europe. Some of the ecclesiastical products exhibited develop the decorative resource of Gothic design, but the works most strong in local character and colour are, as we have said, derived from Byzantine and Romanesque models. For the reason already given the antiquity of textile and other fabrics which come from Austrian, Hungarian, and Bohemian monasteries is not so great as would at first sight appear. Altogether these products present interesting problems.

Salzburg on the borders of the Austrian Tyrol, Brünn and Olmutz, chief towns of Moravia, and Prague, the capital of Bohemia, all contribute of their church treasures. Salzburg may be more distinguished for situation than for spiritual art, yet from her Domkirche comes a large and rich altar frontal nearly twelve feet long, bearing the Crucifixion and other sacred subjects; the actual date may be doubtful, but the style is that of the thirteenth or fourteenth century. Moravia is distinguished by the art riches of her parish churches. Two establishments in Prague contribute of their art substance to Vienna. From the finely situated and richly stored monastery of Strahow, which still holds in seclusion one of the greatest but least known pictures of Albert Dürer, comes early metal-work. And from the Cathedral of Prague, which is a veritable museum specially of antique embroidery, has been sent a unique collection comprising chalices, caskets, mitres, &c. Here again, in the enrichments of enamels, precious stones, and pearls, we seem to be on a boundary line between West and East, where the Latin Church seeks to clothe herself in Oriental splendour.

A word may be added, not only on the variety, but on the wide and equal diffusion, of these church treasures. Here in Vienna are collected illuminated MSS., ornate book-covers, church plate, some of which we might have gladly spared, not to mention again tapestries and enamels. And yet what strikes us most is scarcely so much this rich variety as the impartial distribution of the treasure over places high and low, reaching from the richest cathedral to the humblest church. It would seem as if Austria, at least since the time when Turkish invaders were driven back, had escaped that wholesale pillage which has stripped the sacred arts from less favoured territories. Certain it is that in Vienna there are to be seen precious relics of the past from lowly parishes whose whereabouts can hardly be ascertained by atlas or guide-book. It is a thousand pities that these rare remains, of which we would gladly learn more, have not been catalogued. And in taking leave of the Vienna Exhibition, from which we have reaped both enjoyment and instruction, we would venture to express the hope that these treasures of historic art will not be scattered till some record is made which may remain as a lasting memorial.

NEWMARKET SECOND OCTOBER MEETING.

THE Second October Meeting was a genuine success because its established fixtures were well supported, and gave rise to interesting contests. The customary features of a Newmarket race week, plates and selling sweepstakes, were hardly to be seen, and the more the compilers of the programme endeavoured to invent over-weight races the more they did not fill. Such being the case, and the tide having for the moment apparently turned against the trumpery events which at Newmarket have so long wearied all but the most inveterate gamblers, it was decidedly *mal à propos* for an influential member of the Jockey Club to seize this opportunity for denouncing the Middle Park Plate and threatening its abolition. The Middle Park Plate is not only the chief event of a Second October week—far more interesting and more important than the Cesarewitch—but also one of the best races of the whole season. If it were abolished, there would be no earthly excuse for allowing the Second October Meeting to drag over five

days. As it is, Monday's racing is quite superfluous, and the meeting might easily be got over in four days; but without the Middle Park Plate it could hardly extend over more than three. What the reasons can be which have led to this assault on a race that, from the day of its establishment, has added fresh lustre to the fame of Newmarket, it would seem at first sight difficult to say; but some light may perhaps be thrown on them at the meeting of the Jockey Club in the Houghton week, at which, it is understood, the matter is to be decided. The more important question of rescinding the prohibition of two-year-old racing before the 1st of May will be entertained at the same time; and by the action which the Jockey Club may think fit to take we shall be able to judge how far the Turf legislature is disposed or indisposed to advance or retard the progress of racing reform.

Monday's racing is, as we have said, a most undesirable superfluity, and never was it felt to be more unnecessary than last week. There was not a single event of more than passing interest, and only the Welter Handicap brought out a field of any considerable size. A good race between Bordeaux and Trombone—the latter conceding two years and 18 lbs.—resulted in the victory of the former by a head, which was not a very striking performance. There was a fine struggle between La Coureuse and Polyhymnia, for one of the old-fashioned rich sweepstakes that used to be so common at Newmarket, and Fordham's masterly handling of M. Lefevre's filly just landed her the winner. But, for the rest, the day's sport mainly consisted of walks over and uninteresting matches. But if Monday's racing was not worth the trouble of journeying to see, Tuesday's card was just as much overcrowded; and the Cesarewitch, being placed sixth on the list, did not come off till a comparatively late hour in the afternoon, when, in the failing light, it was difficult to distinguish colours. The ways of the authorities at Newmarket, however, are inscrutable, and it is useless to complain. The Clearwell Stakes brought out a good field, including Feu d'Amour—second to Napoleon III. for the Champagne—Polyhymnia, Glen Almond, Packington, Aquilo, and five more. A good race between three ended in favour of Feu d'Amour, who beat Aquilo by a neck, Polyhymnia being only a head from the second. The Heath Stakes—a new race, over the Ditch mile—fell to Delay, Blenheim, good horse as he is, being unable to concede 3 st.; and then came the great event of the day. Never has the Cesarewitch been a greater success. The entry was unusually large; the acceptances were unusually numerous; the field has in numbers been surpassed four times, and in quality has never been approached. The thirty-four runners included such famous celebrities among the older horses as Winslow, Uhlan, Shannon, Corisande, and Lilian; while Marie Stuart stood alone among the three-year-olds both in eminence and in weight, the other competitors of the same age, such as Suleiman, Oxford Mixture, Pirate—winner of the Great Yorkshire Handicap—and Castalia, all carrying from one to two stone less. There was of course the usual admixture of professed handicap horses, with whose names we are familiar—with some of them wearisomely so. Flurry, Falkland, Indian Ocean, Napolitain, and Moorlands may be cited as representatives of this class; but King Lud could hardly have been included in it. So large a field of necessity included a certain amount of rubbish; but, taken altogether, it presented a striking contrast to the fields of average years. A noticeable feature also was the number of heavy weights that came to the post, Winslow, 9 st. 8 lbs., the top weight of the handicap, heading the list, which included Corisande, 8 st. 10 lbs., Uhlan, 8 st. 12 lbs., Shannon, 8 st. 8 lbs., Lilian, 8 st. 5 lbs., and Marie Stuart, 8 st. 5 lbs. The reproach so often levelled at Admiral Rous, that he handicaps all the top weights out of the Cesarewitch, might have seemed to be satisfactorily answered on this occasion, especially as Corisande, Uhlan, Shannon, and Marie Stuart were to the last prominent favourites. Yet the result most strikingly confirmed the justice of the complaint; for, despite their superior class, not one of the heavy weights finished among the first six. As a piece of handicapping, indeed, this year's Cesarewitch was a most signal failure, for it was a runaway affair for one horse, and thirty-three out of the thirty-four runners were left, from start to finish, hopelessly in the rear. For the first time in the history of the race a horse jumped off with the lead, made the whole of the running, was never headed, and won in a canter. King Lud was the hero of this unprecedented achievement; but, in justice to the handicapper, it must be said that, judging from his previous performances, no one would have thought of laying a very heavy burden on King Lud's back. As a two-year-old his best performance was running neck and neck with Queen's Messenger for the third place in the Two Thousand Guineas; and, as a three-year-old, he was well beaten in every race in which he took part. When he was bought at Lord Zetland's sale for 1,650 guineas, it was generally thought that Lord Lonsdale had made a very dear purchase; and though 7 st. 5 lbs. is no very great impost for a four-year-old, it was thought quite as much as King Lud on his merits required. Yet he won the Cesarewitch in such hollow fashion as to give more than usually good grounds for the repetition of the statement, so habitually made after an easily won race, that the winner had a stone in hand. This was no recovery of lost form, but an exhibition of unknown and unsuspected excellence; and all we can say is that King Lud during the short time he has been at Newmarket must have made the most extraordinary improvement ever witnessed in a racehorse. By his great speed he effectually stopped all the heavy weights, even before half the distance had been traversed; and then by his staying ability he was enabled to maintain his advantage at the trying hill at the finish, instead of

coming back to his horses and giving a chance to one or two of the light weights, which would have been accepted at once. So far from tiring at the end of the race, King Lud finished full of running, and the barren honours of places fell to Royal George and Pirate. Royal George, it will be remembered, won the Cesarewitch Trial Handicap at the First October Meeting, and Pirate won the principal Handicap at Doncaster. The second best in the race, however, was not Royal George, the second, but Fève, a stable companion, we believe, of King Lud, who was pulled up when the victory of the son of King Tom was certain. We have said that not one of the heavy weights finished in the first six; but it is fair to mention that Marie Stuart did not disgrace her high reputation. She occupied a prominent position as far as the Abingdon Bottom, where her heavy weight stopped her, and she was not further persevered with. But she may fairly be considered as having been fourth best in the race. The last event of the day, the Royal Stakes, was a *fiasco*: for Andred, after having beaten Chivalrous in a trot, was disqualified for not having carried a 5 lbs. penalty as the winner of the Newmarket Stakes. The mistake was annoying, for the stake is of some value, and Andred could have given the 5 lbs., or 10 lbs. for the matter of that, to Chivalrous with the greatest ease.

On the Middle Park Plate day—the really great day of the week—the card was just as ill arranged as on the Cesarewitch day. The Middle Park Plate was set down sixth on the card, and it was nearly four o'clock—much too late on an October afternoon—before the large field of twenty left the hands of the starter. The withdrawal of Écossais deprived the race of much of its interest, while a glance at the gigantic Marsworth was sufficient to show that another year must pass before he will be fit to display his powers to advantage, if indeed his legs will stand the necessary work for another year. The two great stars of this year's two-year-olds being thus obscured, there was only Couronne de Fer left to represent the first class, and he had incurred the full penalty of 7 lbs., which has hitherto proved an effectual bar to winning this great race; Marsworth and Sir William Wallace had to carry the minor penalty of 4 lbs., and the remainder were unpenalized, the unfashionably bred Newry, the high bred Lepero—own brother to Pero Gomez—Dukedom, Genuine—half brother to Sterling—and two or three were taking the allowance for maidens; while the field also included Spectator, George Frederick, Tomahawk, Farnsfield, and Exilé—the latter being the representative of M. Lefèvre's powerful stake. Thus all the strength, such as it is, of the two-year-olds was brought into requisition with the exception of Écossais; and Newry, being currently reported to have won a trial with Napoleon III., became a very strong favourite, despite his wretched performance at York, where he made his first appearance in public. There was hardly any delay at the post, and the race was in some sort a *replica* of the Cesarewitch; for as soon as the flag fell Newry took the lead, made the running at a great pace, was never headed, and won by a length. Unlike the Cesarewitch, however, there was a grand struggle in the Middle Park Plate for places, and indeed for the mastery; for though Newry was never actually headed, he was vigorously challenged at the final ascent on both sides, and was undoubtedly saved from defeat by the advantage he possessed in the weights. Briefly we may say that Newry had all his field beaten in the Abingdon Bottom except Couronne de Fer, Spectator, and Marsworth. These three simultaneously attacked him as they rose the hill, and Couronne de Fer as nearly as possible caught him. Giving way, however, in the last fifty yards, he allowed Newry, though hard pressed, to hold his own to the end; while the three pursuers all but ran a dead heat for second place. Oddly enough there had been a dead heat between three earlier in the day; but in the Middle Park Plate the judge awarded the second place to Spectator by a short head, while Marsworth and Couronne de Fer ran a dead heat for the third place. Neither the winner, who is by Lacydes out of Blanchette, or Spectator, is in the Derby; and, as ever, the third in the Middle Park Plate appears to be the most formidable candidate for Derby honours. Or rather the pair that could not be separated for the third place; though of the two, Couronne de Fer looks by far the more likely to train on. Four lengths from the dead-heaters George Frederick finished fifth, and Sir William Wallace sixth; but the former, as well as Lepero, will see a better day. The hero of the race was unquestionably Couronne de Fer, who would have won but for his penalty; yet some of the subsequent two-year-old running of the week would lead to an unfavourable impression of the general quality of the Middle Park Plate field. On the remainder of Wednesday's racing we need only remark that the non-staying Trombone beat Hochstapler at even weights so easily over the Rowley mile that the German horse must have lost all his form.

Thursday brought a very quiet day's sport. Laburnum, in the humour for once, won the Cambridgeshire Trial Handicap, giving lumps of weight away to all his seven opponents, with such ridiculous ease as to show that his owner and trainer have had ample reason for placing confidence in him, sadly as that confidence has been disappointed. Marie Stuart, little the worse for her exertions on the Tuesday, gave 7 lbs. to Silver Ring and Wild Myrtle, and beat them over the Two Middle miles. Silver Ring pressed her rather hard at the finish, but the St. Leger victress answered the calls made on her with the greatest gameness, and won—all things considered—easily at last. Miss Toto, one of the best of M. Lefèvre's two-year-olds, cantered away with the Bredby Stakes, and Minister, another of his lengthy string, beat Victory

easily in the last race of the day. Victory, having been entered for the Prendergast Stakes, was disqualified from running in the race under notice; but by some strange negligence the mistake was not found out till after the race was over. The last day of the meeting furnished some remarkable surprises. A brilliant field ran for the Newmarket Derby, over the last mile and a half of the Beacon course, Kaiser and Doncaster being each penalized 7 lbs., and Boiard, Andred, and Trombone being their opponents. Doncaster could hardly be trusted so soon after his sorry exhibition at the First October Meeting; but, according to all public running, Boiard ought to have beaten Kaiser, who seemed to have no pretensions whatever to be able to give him weight. It was tit for tat, however; for, if the English horses were beaten in June after crossing the Channel to France, so now the French horse was summarily beaten on his visit to English soil. Briefly, Kaiser won by four lengths from Boiard, Andred was third, Trombone fourth, and Doncaster, as at the last Newmarket meeting, fifth and last. The Derby winner is done for, for the present at any rate; and possibly he may never recover from his desperate race in the Leger against his stable companion. Kaiser, whatever people may say of his swerving and faintheartedness at the finish, again did all that a good horse could be expected to do; for, if winning by four lengths from a Derby and a Grand Prix winner is not enough, what is? The Prendergast Stakes produced another magnificent race; four of the Middle Park Plate runners, Spectator, Sir William Wallace, Exilé, and Lynette taking part in it. M. Lefèvre was, however, represented by Feu d'Amour (with a 6 lbs. penalty for winning the Clearwell, Sir William Wallace being also penalized to a like extent) as well as by Exilé, and fortunate it was for him that he had two strings to his bow; for, after a splendid struggle between Spectator and Feu d'Amour, the judge was unable to separate them, and a dead-heat was hoisted on the telegraph. The first reflection that occurred to one after this race was that Feu d'Amour could very nearly have won the Middle Park Plate; for Newry, who was receiving 3 lbs. from Spectator, did not give him more than a 7 lbs. beating, if so much. The second was that the two-year-olds must be moderate, inasmuch as they cannot get out of the way of one another; and this, perhaps, is the true solution of the difficulty. Anyhow, M. Lefèvre holds the key of the position, and can tell to an ounce what his chance is against all the best two-year-olds. After this fine race came a very sorry one. The Middle Park Plate winner was brought out in a two-year-old handicap, and jogged quietly along—in very moderate company—in the rear ranks. A brilliant meeting wound up with a match across the flat between King Lud and Kingcraft, the latter conceding a stone for the two years difference in age. The Derby winner of 1870 could not, however, break the spell of ill-luck that has since attended him; and King Lud won so easily that he might well have been asked to give weight instead of receiving it.

REVIEWS.

MORRIS AND SKEAT'S SPECIMENS OF EARLY ENGLISH LITERATURE.*

THERE are some practical advantages to be gained by publishing a book backwards. By the time a man has finished his second volume, he is sure to find out a good many things which want altering in his first. If, then, he has courage to put forth the second volume first, and keep the first till afterwards, it will no doubt come out in a better form than if it had come out at the beginning. If he keeps the first volume in manuscript till after the appearance of the third, it will most likely be better still. This is what Dr. Morris and Mr. Skeat seem practically to be doing with the works before us. We have here, first of all in point of date, what is in truth, though not in form, a third volume—namely, Mr. Skeat's *Specimens of English Literature*. Then comes the joint work of Mr. Skeat and Dr. Morris, which is avowedly a second volume. Lastly, the first volume of their joint work still looms in the future. These two last are indeed only the second and first volumes of a second edition, while Mr. Skeat's separate volume is in form a distinct work with a distinct title-page. Still all the three hang together, and they come in the reversed order of which we speak. First comes the time from 1394 to 1579, then the part from 1298 to 1393, and lastly the time before 1298 has not come at all. No doubt, when it does come, it will be all the better for waiting. Dr. Morris and Mr. Skeat, by the simple process of having carried on their work to a later time, cannot fail to know more about the earlier time now than they did when they began. Of this increased knowledge we shall get the benefit whenever the first volume comes, but, as it has not come yet, we think that we may just as well say something about those parts which we have got without waiting any longer for it. To judge from

* *Specimens of Early English*. A new and revised Edition, with Introduction, Notes, and Glossarial Index. By the Rev. Richard Morris, LL.D., and the Rev. Walter W. Skeat, M.A. Part II. From Robert of Gloucester to Gower. A.D. 1298—A.D. 1393. Oxford: at the Clarendon Press. 1872.

Specimens of English Literature; from the "Ploughman's Crede" to the "Shepherdes Calender". A.D. 1394—A.D. 1579. With Introduction, Notes, and Glossarial Index. By the Rev. Walter W. Skeat, M.A. Oxford: at the Clarendon Press. 1871.

the account of it given on a fly-leaf, it would seem to be undergoing a process of enlargement and improvement in every way. This first volume, when it comes, is to carry us back to the eleventh century. We shall not complain if, when Dr. Morris and Mr. Skeat have done this, they should wind up by giving us yet another volume before the first, for the times before the eleventh century. We have had a great deal published of our earliest English, both in the way of whole works and of selections; still we think that there is quite room for something of the kind treated in the way in which it would be sure to be treated by the present editors.

It is perhaps a natural result of this process of what we are tempted to call "progression by antagonism" that, attached to what we must be allowed to call the third volume—that is, Mr. Skeat's *Specimens of English Literature*—we have an Introduction, part of which would be quite in place at the very beginning of the whole thing. The general hints with which Mr. Skeat ends that Introduction have no special reference to the times between 1394 and 1579. They bear on the study of the English language at any date, and some of them on the study, not only of English, but of any language. Mr. Skeat has fully committed himself to the cause of showing that English is English, and nothing else. "The changes in the language," he tells us, "between the reigns of Ælfred and Victoria have been gradual, not violent, and our present speech differs from the oldest English (generally called 'Anglo-Saxon') chiefly by reason of the alterations which a long lapse of time naturally and imperceptibly introduces." Further on in his introduction comes a paragraph of much practical value:—

A real insight into English grammar can more easily be obtained by a week's study of Vernon's Anglo-Saxon Grammar, or some similar book, than by years spent in reading treatises which ignore the older forms of the language. Many students lose much solid advantage, and a sure basis on which to rest their grammatical knowledge, through an ill-judged anxiety to avoid the much-dreaded "Anglo-Saxon," the awe of which soon disappears, and is exchanged for interest, when once it is patiently encountered. The whole of English grammar is formed upon the Anglo-Saxon grammar as a basis. A knowledge of Latin grammar is sometimes a direct hindrance, as it is apt to make the student imagine that he has the key to idiomatic constructions, when he is all the while explaining them wrongly.

We ought to notice that Mr. Skeat tells us in a note that Dr. Morris's *Historical Outlines of English Accidence* is now in the press, which reminds us that his own work was published in 1871. Then he goes on to remind us of various facts in the history of our language which people are beginning to understand, though they still cannot be too often repeated for the benefit of both teachers and learners. Thus, for instance, he reminds us that "by far the greatest quantity of words introduced into English from the French were introduced in the fourteenth century." This is perfectly true, though a great many came in before and a great many have come in since. But we may perhaps make this distinction between those which came in then and those which came in before, that the earlier ones came in—each one for some particular reason—as the name of something which, either in itself or in its particular shape, was looked on as foreign, and which therefore kept its foreign name as a kind of technical term; while the later infusion of French which followed naturally on the adoption of English as the universal tongue of all classes, when those classes who had hitherto been more familiar with French began to speak only English, could hardly fail to bring many French words with them into English. Mr. Skeat here notes that for the French element in English we must look to Old-French and not to modern French, and of course the study of Old-French involves the study of the process by which French was formed out of Latin. But has not Mr. Skeat made a slip when he speaks of "French words derived from Latin"? There is of course a class of French words which are, strictly speaking, "derived from Latin"; but it is not these of which Mr. Skeat is now speaking. He is speaking, not of words consciously brought in from the Latin at a late stage of the French language, but of words which have gone through that process of change by which the French language itself was formed. Such words cannot be said to be derived from the Latin; they are the Latin words themselves. We are led to make this remark by Mr. Skeat's own caution against the misuse of the word *derived*, as when people talk of words being "derived" from Sanskrit, Latin, or any other Aryan tongue, when what is meant is that they are *cognate* with words in those tongues. But a man is no more derived from himself than he is derived from his brother or uncle. Neither the French *cheval* nor the Bret-Welsh *ceff* is derived from the Latin *caballus*; the Bret-Welsh word is cognate with *caballus*, while the French word is *caballus* itself. But when a Frenchman talks about "equitation," the word is distinctly derived, consciously formed from *equus*, *eques*, *equitare*, *equitatio*, from a class of words which have left next to no traces in the genuine French vocabulary. Mr. Skeat also points out how some words, like *wise* and *guise*, have a double form in modern English—the natural English form and another which has come to us from the French, but which is itself part of the Teutonic infusion into French. On such cases Mr. Skeat says that "it might almost be said that the latter [form] is borrowed by the English language, through the medium of the French, from itself." The only objection to so saying is that historically these words came into the Romance of Gaul, not from the English, but from the Frankish, form of Teutonic.

The following remarks of Mr. Skeat are most important:—

The true dignity and originality of our own language seem to be very little understood and appreciated. An Englishman learning a little German soon

begins to think that a good many English words appear to be "derived" from the German. Accustomed to despise his own language, he seems to forget that there is at least an equal chance of the German being "derived" from the English. As a matter of fact, the languages are cognate or allied, and neither language has really borrowed much from the other. But it deserves to be remembered, that the oldest Teutonic remains are in Low German, not in High German; that the English epic poem of "Beowulf" is older than anything extant in High German; and that English ranks above German in the tables of letter-changes indicated in "Grimm's Law." It follows from this, that to look upon German, so to speak, as a subordinate form of English, is, although an error, an error of less magnitude than the unphilological and unpatriotic one of looking upon English as a subordinate form of German. German scholars are aware of this. It is reserved for Englishmen to be unaware, as a rule, of the dignity and importance of their own magnificent language.

The confusions against which Mr. Skeat has to fight come largely from the unlucky nomenclature which leads Englishmen to fancy that they have really no independent language at all, but only a jumble put together in the thirteenth or fourteenth century. Then again the somewhat ambiguous use of the word *Deutsch* leads many people to fancy—often unconsciously—that modern High-Dutch is the one original Teutonic speech, instead of being merely one form of it out of many, and that a form, as Mr. Skeat shows, certainly not more ancient than our own. Some people may remember the rivalry of Messrs. Pike and Nicholas, and the notable attempts to prove that Englishmen are Welshmen because of the shape of some High-German's hat and of the difference of his tastes from those of some Englishman. Their one notion of Teutonic was modern High-Dutch; and, as Englishmen are certainly not that, they could not understand how Englishmen could be Teutonic at all. All this is just the same kind of confusion against which Mr. Skeat bears testimony.

Dr. Morris's Introduction is mainly a comparative grammar of the three chief forms of English at the stage to which his selections belong. One thing at once strikes us—how much more of inflexion the Southern, the strictly Saxon, dialect kept than the Midland and Northern tongues. But has not Dr. Morris been somewhat influenced by a geography a little too late for his purpose, when he places the boundary of the Southern dialect at the Thames? Or rather he directly after contradicts or corrects himself. He first says, "The Thames formed the Southern boundary of this region," that of the Midland dialect; and then says that the Southern dialect is spoken, besides the counties south of the Thames, "in Gloucestershire and portions of Herefordshire and Worcestershire." We should have thought that the Southern dialect ought to take in a still larger part of the lands north of the Thames; but, as it is, here is a very important admission of the existence of the Saxon speech far beyond the bounds of the later Wessex. We get so accustomed to the Wessex of Ecgbert, stretching as far to the West as it could go, but not stretching to the North at all, that we forget that the early West-Saxon conquests pushed more northwards than westwards, that at one time there was as much West-Saxon territory north of the Thames as south of it, that the West-Saxon conquerors aimed—though unsuccessfully—at Deva long before they aimed at Isca. When Dr. Morris finds the Southern or Saxon tongue spoken in a considerable district north of the Thames, this is an abiding vestige of this state of things. The northern dominion of the West-Saxon Kings came politically to an end in the eighth century; but the Saxon settlements of Cæawlin's day have left their stamp on local speech till now.

We have talked much more about the Introductions of Mr. Skeat and Dr. Morris than about the other parts of their books. They are both of them fellow-workers with ourselves in a common struggle against a particular form of error. As engaged in such a struggle, we think it our business to put on record every case that we come across where any ground is either gained or lost. Now the publication of such an Introduction as Mr. Skeat's is distinctly ground gained. Several important truths are put forth with singular force and clearness. Of the more purely editorial part of the volumes there is really no need to say more than that they are Dr. Morris's and Mr. Skeat's. Meanwhile we look forward to Dr. Morris's recasting of his first volume, and to the still earlier volume which must some day come before that.

HENRY FOTHERGILL CHORLEY.*

THE life of which these volumes give an account, though not in itself a very eventful, nor, according to the ordinary estimate of human affairs, a very happy one, was at least fortunate in the singular interest of its literary and artistic surroundings; an interest, too, which to a great extent was not the result of any chance, but came as a proper reward for the faithful performance of the troublesome and too often thankless functions of criticism, to which the best part of Mr. Chorley's life was devoted. The freedom he used in the exercise of his profession procured him some enemies, and a good many hard words; but the sincerity and readiness to perceive real excellence which were coupled with this freedom led in many instances to friendly relations, whose value infinitely outweighed all the resentment and abuse that had to be endured from pettier natures. A critic whose professional career bore fruit in intimacy with such persons as Mendelssohn, Moscheles, and Madame Viardot in the sphere of music, and

* Henry Fothergill Chorley; *Autobiography, Memoir, and Letters*. Compiled by Henry G. Hewlett. 2 vols. London: Richard Bentley & Son. 1873.

with Dickens, Hawthorne, and the Brownings in the sphere of letters, must be considered to have been uncommonly successful in overcoming the difficulties of his art. The biographer who now writes of Mr. Chorley in a strain of enthusiastic attachment was himself led to seek his acquaintance in consequence of a work of his own being reviewed by Mr. Chorley with "mingled severity and sympathy." We are indeed led to doubt whether the regrets for an incomplete life and an unsatisfied vocation which seem to have frequently embittered Mr. Chorley's thoughts had very much foundation in reality. It may be that, if his aptitude for music had been cultivated in due time, instead of being barely tolerated, his name would have been added to the list—a list which certainly has ample room for additions—of eminent English composers. But this is, after all, matter of conjecture, though Mr. Chorley's own feeling on the subject was strong, and the occupation of a critic is not necessarily less honourable than that of a producer. At any rate we are more in need of really good criticism than of indifferently good production. Nor can the fates be accused of assigning an unworthy part to one who so uses the station to which they have led him as to be respected, not only in his own country, but beyond it, by those whose respect is most worth having. Certain it is, however, whether we choose to ascribe it chiefly to natural temperament or external circumstances, that a sense of hindrance and disappointment did weigh upon Mr. Chorley through life, as appears from the journals and unfinished autobiography from which his literary executor has given considerable fragments.

The condition in which these materials were left has put the biographer at some disadvantage in point of form. They were too incomplete to stand by themselves, yet too copious and characteristic to be merely broken up and recast; and the result is a kind of cento in which the author, or compiler, appears sometimes as narrator, sometimes as editor, and in which an appearance of desultoriness and confusion was in some degree unavoidable.

We are first introduced to Henry Fothergill Chorley as a child in a North-country household scarcely emancipated from the strictness of the old Quaker ways, most of whose members appear to have been in different ways persons of some mark. One anecdote of an aunt of Mr. Chorley's in her young days argues a considerable vein of mother-wit in the family. She was at a country house where a party of guests came unexpectedly to dinner:—

The hostess went hither and thither in despair. Somehow or other the material of the entertainment was got together, or represented, one thing only wanting—the dessert. Nothing was to be found save a basket of hard, green pears, set aside for baking. For better for worse, however, by the whimsical girl's counsel, they were presented. When she saw them coming, she cleared her throat, and in an audible voice said to her hostess, at the head of the table, "Are not those the famous Cleopatra pears?" She used drily to add, in later years, when, mocking at herself, she told this anecdote, "My dears, after that no one thought of refusing them. The dish was cleared."

Then we have a rather sad account of an education in which the disciple and the masters were at cross purposes, and in which he learnt very little except that which he was not taught. With some occasional aid from friends, he picked up the elements of music in a curious irregular way during his schoolboy years; and the time spent by him later in a merchant's office in Liverpool was useless except so far as it gave him opportunities of extending his favourite knowledge by attending and taking part in musical performances. Early in 1834 he was established in London on the staff of the *Athenæum*. This was the beginning of more than thirty years' activity in the calling thus definitely chosen, through which Mr. Chorley was brought into relation with most of the persons eminent in literature and society during a period of no ordinary brilliancy. It is difficult to choose even from the reminiscences, probably themselves only a selection, which Mr. Hewlett has preserved. In some places the reticence due to living persons has an unfavourable effect on the literary value of the work; but this is a drawback which we must be prepared for, as the only alternative for more serious ones, so long as it continues to be the fashion to publish men's biographies almost before they are buried.

Perhaps the most complete and interesting episode in these memoirs is Mr. Chorley's friendship with Mendelssohn. They first met in 1839; but the musician seems to have already known so much of the critic's work that the usual preliminary stages of acquaintance were dispensed with, or very much shortened. Within a very short time we find letters from Mendelssohn to Mr. Chorley, written in a perfectly intimate and familiar tone. Mendelssohn's English, although he apologizes for it, is generally quite correct in form, and has only slight German turns of phraseology which are rather pleasant than otherwise. As might be expected, the letters are chiefly concerned with music, and there are several allusions to incomplete designs of Mendelssohn's which he had previously discussed in conversation with Mr. Chorley. In one place there are some curious remarks on the difficulties likely to attend the establishment of an academy for singing in England:—

The only drawback seems to me the difficulty for English ladies of moving alone (without servants, gentlemen, and other accompaniments *obligato*), which, however, is almost indispensable for such an undertaking; and (unless it is to be confined only to the inferior classes) I do not know how this obstacle in England, as well as in France, may be overcome. And then the second, that men of business should consider music, and the participating of it, as something *not below* their dignity, and that they should have indeed their heads free enough to count the pauses and the sharps and flats. With us, who shut up from twelve to two, as you know, and who have done in shops and counting-houses at seven, the thing is quite different; and then all our girls run about the streets by themselves the whole day

long; and then at night, if there are three or four of them, and an old spinster in the rear, they will roam and fear nothing; or the singing gentlemen will take them home, at which idea every Frenchman's morals would go into violent fits. [The formation *overcome* in this extract is an all but solitary grammatical slip.]

Elsewhere Mendelssohn expresses surprise at Mr. Chorley's "extraordinary memory" for music which he had only heard once; and we may observe that, in another published letter of Mendelssohn's, not referred to in these memoirs, recommending Herr Joachim, then a boy of thirteen, to the good offices of a friend on the occasion of his first visit to London, Mr. Chorley is mentioned as one of the persons to whom he should be introduced. The correspondents met again in 1847 for the last time, and indeed in Mendelssohn's last days, at Interlaken. This friendship seems to have been one of the most deep and genuine in Mr. Chorley's life, and the loss was proportionately a severe one.

Besides that which is directly connected with music and literature, there is a considerable stock of social reminiscence and anecdote at which we can only glance. The figures of D'Orsay, Lady Blessington, and Sydney Smith come before us in rapid succession. One good thing of Lady Blessington's set down by Mr. Chorley is very perfect. On an occasion when Landor, being in company with an Ultramontane advocate of Christian art, thought fit to attack the Psalms (whether from an artistic or an ethical point of view does not appear), Lady Blessington came to the rescue thus—"Do write something better, Mr. Landor!" Nor are the lights of a graver society unrepresented; we find notices of George Grote and Mrs. Somerville. The impression made by Mr. Grote's personal qualities on Mr. Chorley was so remarkable that it is worth while to give some part of his estimate in his own words:—

Four men that I have known, the late Duc de Gramont, the Duke of Ossuna, the late Duke of Beaufort, and Mr. Grote, in their high breeding and deference to women, in their instinctive avoidance of any topic or expression which could possibly give pain, recur to me as unparagoned. But the three men first named had little beyond their manner by way of charming or influencing society. Mr. Grote, as a man holding those most advanced ideas which were at war with every aristocratic tradition and institution, a man with vigorous purposes, and ample and various stores of thought, might well have been allowed to dispense with form, and smoothness, and ceremony. But he showed how these could be combined with the most utter sincerity. If, at times, he was elaborate in conversation, with little humour of expression, though not without a sense of it in others, he was never overbearing. He stands in a place of his own, among all the superior men to whom I have ever looked up.

We are also informed that Mr. Chorley made several noteworthy acquaintances during his visits to Paris in 1836-39, of which he kept "minutely detailed journals"; but his biographer has chosen, whether because the interest of the journals is not in proportion to their bulk, or for any other reason, to assign a comparatively small space to these experiences. There are three or four amusing pages about Paul de Kock, but the notice of Alfred de Vigny, one of the most interesting figures in modern French literature, of whom there surely must have been much to say, is singularly meagre and disappointing. Some notes of an interview with Chopin (for which we have to look in another chapter, in consequence of Mr. Hewlett's plan of keeping the social and musical departments of his history separate) appear also to be cut too short, nothing being given but a piece of technical criticism on the composer's playing.

Later in his life Mr. Chorley was to some extent involved in the table-turning controversy, the delusions of clairvoyance and spiritualism having made some way among his friends. It fared with him as it generally does with unbelievers. He attended a *séance*, but insisted on having lights on the floor and on sitting under the table; after the lapse of half-an-hour, during which nothing happened, he was told that there could be no experiments where an infidel spirit prevailed. He also tested the powers of the professional clairvoyant Alexis, and the incident is as instructive as any of the kind we remember to have seen recorded:—

When one Alexis was here, who was guaranteed to read everything, no matter how far off, however hermetically sealed up, a friend of mine called on his way to a *séance*—no willing co-juggler with Alexis, I am persuaded, but leaning towards his marvels. He was anxious that I should bear him company. I declined, on the argument I have stated. "Well," said he, "what would satisfy you?" Said I, "Supposing I were to write an odd word—such a one as 'orchestra'—and seal it, and satisfy myself that no one could read it without breaking the seal, and be equally satisfied that no one would mention it who was honestly disposed"—"Well?" "Well, then, if it was read, I should say the guess was a good one—nothing more." "Let us try."

Accordingly Mr. Chorley wrote down, not *orchestra*, but *Pondicherry*—sealed the paper, and gave it to his friend. The friend came back, and reported that Alexis had indeed read the paper at once, but had read *orchestra*. Mr. Chorley's inference was the natural one, that the believing friend—who for his own part only "took the performance as a brilliant illustration of thought-reading"—had somehow let out the word actually communicated to him.

Another interesting feature of this book is a short memoir from Mr. Chorley's own hand of his brother John, one of those rare persons whose genius leads them to excellence in an unexpected and seemingly incongruous special subject. He was originally intended, like Henry, for a commercial situation; he was the first secretary of the Grand Junction Railway from Liverpool to Birmingham, a post which he retained for a considerable time; he was once in Spain on business for about three months; and somehow he knew more about the Spanish drama and Lope de Vega than any other man in Europe. The only case of an eccentric

aptitude for languages at all parallel to this which we can call to mind is that of an eminent English Orientalist now living, which Cambridge readers will easily recognize. John Chorley, at any rate, did not fail to find a speciality, though it may seem a minute one, which he made entirely his own; happier in this respect than his brother the critic, who seems to have been always lamenting that he was prevented from giving himself wholly to music.

As to Mr. Chorley's own work in literature and criticism, we learn to know it in these volumes chiefly through the impression which it made on others when it was new. Several of the letters here printed, and those from correspondents of no small eminence, relate to it. Mr. Chorley's reputation as a critic was, indeed, too well established to need any additional testimony, and the merits of his work went far beyond the mere readiness which may carry a review article safely through the period of the current number. On the one hand, he was prompt in rendering honour to Hawthorne, to Mrs. Browning and her husband, and to M. Gounod, long before their names were known to the public as they now are; on the other hand, he had no respect for popular idols, and protested against the extravagance of Mr. Ruskin's dogmatism, when Mr. Ruskin's infallibility was still commonly believed in. As an original producer he was less successful with the world; neither his plays nor his novels ever fairly laid hold of the public taste; nevertheless the biographer has devoted ten pages to the analysis of a single play, and eight to that of a single novel, with a zeal which we cannot but think somewhat misplaced. A piece which failed to please when it was presented at large can hardly be revived into fame by printing an elaborate argument of it. However, it is to be observed about these works that they did command the serious attention and approbation of such men as Dickens, Hawthorne, and Mr. Browning; the slight favour they met with in the market was probably due to technical imperfections, disguising their real worth except from the sympathetic insight of an artist. The original compositions of Mr. Chorley which were best received were his occasional verses and words to music, a kind of writing which, though lighter than tragedies and romances, is not so much easier as people suppose. Some of Mr. Chorley's lines reprinted in this book are quite felicitous enough to deserve a place in some future English anthology.

We have intimated that the manner in which these memoirs are put together is not altogether satisfactory, and the result is rather a book with interesting things in it than an interesting book. Still any addition to our knowledge of human nature in the particular as well as in the general is something to be thankful for, and there is a good deal of miscellaneous human nature in these volumes of autobiography and anecdote.

PRUSSIAN OFFICIAL HISTORY OF THE WAR.—PART IV.*

(Second Notice.)

THERE is much in this new Part of the Official History which seems to form an appropriate preface just now to the study of the legal proceedings that have commenced at Versailles. It is true that various French writers on the affairs of the Army of the Rhine have revealed more or less of the change of strategic counsels which preluded Bazaine's final nomination to the chief command; but the whole thread of this part of the story of Metz had never been clearly put together, nor the motives which caused so much vacillation thoroughly traced out, until the Berlin writer took the work in hand. Of course he has had the advantage of the large resources with which the literary controversy that should now be hushed in the presence of the tribunal of the Trianon had abundantly furnished the historian. For there are few of the many writers who have made it their business to attack or defend Bazaine or his master that have not touched, as a matter of course, on the intermediate period of doubt which elapsed between the defeats of Woerth and Spicheren and the final attempt to retreat from the Moselle. There is no part of the Official History yet published more carefully done, or more pregnant with the results of sound work, than the review given by this writer of French affairs after the two defeats of the 6th of August.

There can be no doubt that the Emperor's apology tells the truth when it says plainly that the fine scheme of an invasion of Southern Germany melted away before the difficulties which imperfect organization had raised up. The Report of the Pasquier Committee, recently reviewed in these pages, has more than one picture in it drawn by eyewitnesses of the helpless state in which Marshal Leboeuf found himself when once the gigantic task which from his office desk at Paris had seemed so easy, of "throwing a quarter of a million men over the Rhine," had really to be faced. No administrator's incompetence has ever been more ruthlessly exposed than that of the man who, when visiting Strasburg during the first alarm in July, tried to browbeat and reprove the local Intendant for not having purchased on his own responsibility the stores the absence of which had been in vain again and again reported to Paris as fatal to efficiency. The fact here seems to be that French rulers during the latter part of the Second Empire showed the singular unwisdom of going to the expense and trouble of maintaining an immense force, intended to appear actually ready for war, but which, partly from the over-centralized system of administration, that carried everything up to the Minis-

terial table at Paris, and partly from the economy enforced upon the Intendance in the hope of balancing the expenditure of the large number of men with the colours, was in truth utterly unprepared. The French system was actually, as regards the use for the field of the number thus already on the lists, far behind the cheap German plan, with its reserve men scattered all over their native provinces. So that the very first discovery the unhappy Emperor made was that which his pamphlet revealed—that he had for years been making France pay the price of a supposed superior readiness, which the coming of the shock at once showed to lie not on her side, but on that of the enemy.

These considerations may serve as a preface to what the Berlin writer says in approaching the question of the Moselle strategy:—"At the Emperor's headquarters in the first days of August all plans of attack had been given up, and attention turned entirely to the defence of his own country." So rapidly had the mythic notion of a sudden passage of the Rhine, like his uncle's masterpiece of 1805, melted away before the realities of the situation. But the first notion of defence, which was to unite the wing under MacMahon to the main army by calling both back to the Moselle, vanished as swiftly when the terrible news of Woerth and Spicheren came in. "It was necessary"—in the brief but plain words of the German writer—"to seek the junction further west, or to give it up altogether." The most immediate need was that of bringing together the army of Bazaine (the IInd, IIIrd, and IVth Corps had been put nominally under the Marshal on the 5th of August) at once by a rearward movement. To do this on the Moselle fortresses was perfectly natural, as the Moltke narrative points out. But, on the other hand, on the morning of the 7th when the decision had to be made, there was absolutely no news at the Imperial headquarters of Frossard's routed corps; Canrobert's reserve had barely begun to be transported forward from Châlons; and it needed no reflection to show the French staff that, with MacMahon in full flight, there was nothing that could stop the large army which had routed him from advancing straight to the Upper Moselle, and so turning any line taken up by the Emperor lower down. At this early stage of affairs, therefore, it is not to be wondered that the impulse of the moment was to withdraw the whole of the forces on Châlons; and the necessary orders for carrying this out were issued. By the 8th the temporary command of Bazaine, including Frossard, who had reached Sarreguemines after his defeat only to retreat through it, was already approaching Metz, as well as the Guards, the intention then being to cross the Moselle westward at once.

Then, however, came fresh changes in Napoleon's counsels. The thought of Paris learning that half the country up to her walls had been surrendered by the army at the first touch of the enemy; the fear of the strength which the Opposition in the Chambers would instantly gain from the alarm; the general influence which in France, more than in any other country (according to the official writer, whose opinion will be much disputed here), public opinion exercises on the acts of the Government, caused the Emperor and his advisers to tremble at the possibilities which their design opened up, and to shrink from facing what were in fact the military necessities of their situation. Fresh consultations followed. It was presently resolved to arrest the movement of retreat, and face the coming foe on the east side of Metz; and orders were issued accordingly to the three nearest Corps at once, and on the 10th to Froissard; Canrobert being directed to resume his original advance forward from Châlons to the Moselle with the Sixth. With the reserve cavalry, which were ordered in from Nancy, it was estimated that 200,000 men might be gathered for the shock. The Germans, too, seemed to the French staff to be halting, as though hesitating to commit themselves into Lorraine; and it was even hoped that there might yet be time to bring up the additional reserves which were already coming into Châlons as Canrobert's command left it.

In truth, as is here well pointed out, the very superiority of numbers which the German staff wielded made their strategy at this point seem slow. The enormous masses of men which formed the First and Second Armies needed several days to bring them up into any sort of line. A delay of the left of the latter, it may be added, must have been caused by Moltke's vain attempt, noticed last week, to intercept MacMahon; and the subsequent orders for the advance, then quoted by us, show how slowly the German right and centre had to move in order not to get out of place. Now indeed would have been the opportunity for the French staff, had they confidence and wit enough, to engage part of the enemy separately by a bold forward movement. But the dull, waiting defensive which their want of confidence in themselves and in their troops led them to adopt from the 8th to the 12th of August played directly into their great adversary's hands. It gave him full time, well covered by the screen of bold patrols which his cavalry divisions had thrown out, to carry out deliberately and completely the preparations necessary for crossing the Moselle beyond the French right before they could discover that they were being turned. Meanwhile the latter stood passive and almost motionless, the IIIrd Corps in advance towards Courcelles, with the IVth and IInd to its left and right flanks, and the Guard in rear, whilst the VIth was arriving in fragments. And the Germans, soon learning by their patrols the general movement into this position, took it to be probable that it was preparatory to the concentrated advance which seemed the natural strategy of their adversary. They could hardly know how low the conception of the Imperial staff had sunk under its present leadership. It was evidently under such an expectation of an attack that the Royal

* *Der deutsch-französische Krieg von 1870-71.* Redigirt von der kriegsgeschichtlichen Abtheilung des grossen Generalstabes. Erster Theil, Heft 4. Mittler: Berlin.

orders of the evening of the 11th were headed, "It is not unlikely that a considerable part of the enemy stands before Metz on the left bank of the Nied. A closer junction of the First and Second Armies is therefore necessary; and His Majesty has directed as follows." Then follow full directions for the concentration. Twenty-four hours later the nervous feeling which had dictated these precautions had vanished from Moltke's mind. Tidings from all the patrols—and pages of the narrative are here devoted to chronicling their venturesome activity—came in to the Royal headquarters at St. Avoird, that the French showed no signs of advance, but rather the contrary, and the orders of that evening at once chronicle the fact, and the decision taken instantly upon it. We abbreviate them somewhat:—

So far as can be judged from the news brought in, the main body of the enemy is in retreat over the Moselle through Metz. The First Army will advance upon the Nied, push its cavalry near Metz, and across the Moselle below, and cover the right flank of the Second. This will march on the line between Buchy and Château Salins, push its advance posts to the Seille, and seek to secure the Moselle passages about Pont-à-Mousson, sending cavalry over the river to reconnoitre. The Third Army will continue its march on the line between Thionville and Nancy.

Thus began the mighty sweeping movement which was to result in the greatest capture ever made in war. On the 13th the Royal headquarters, following the general direction, went forward from St. Avoird, which lies forty miles due east of Metz, to Herny, a point some twenty-five miles south-east of the fortress. But the presence of a formidable part of the French force still visible outside the forts once again impressed Count Moltke with the possibility of a counter-stroke from the enemy by a sudden attack on the First Army whilst it stood covering the movement of the Second; and so two of the seven Corps which made up the former were checked in their march on the 14th, and held ready south of the city to support Steinmetz should he be seriously pressed by such an advance. Not too great a precaution, thinks the German writer; for on this day the French, still clinging to their position whilst the head of the invading army got past it to the Moselle, seemed aiming at more than a rearguard demonstration. But in truth their attitude, if Bazaine did not seriously desire a fight, was altogether a mistaken one; for it led direct to the battle of Borny, or Colombey-Neuilly, so called from the line held by the Germans.

To go back to the 9th of August, the French had hardly taken up the position already described east of Metz behind the Nied, when it was condemned for its tactical disadvantages. The wooded country close to the stream on the other side would completely hide from any view an enemy advancing from the east. So the order was given to draw the whole of the force back nearer to the fortress, where it stood visible to its foes, and yet in utter unconsciousness of what the Germans were doing, the French cavalry rarely venturing outside the line of infantry outposts, and never beyond the Nied. On the 12th the Emperor, possibly wearied out with his own indecision, resolved to resign the command absolutely into the hands of Bazaine—a measure evidently contemplated several days before. The picture of the unhappy monarch and his wretched plight, afraid to face Paris without victory, and clinging almost hopelessly to the army on which he was a clog, has nowhere been more powerfully touched. To put the thoughts of the Berlin writer very briefly; no sovereign should be present with an army in the field, save when he is able personally to conduct it, and takes the whole responsibility of so doing.

Every intelligent man in the French army had probably by this time become aware of the danger of keeping it motionless where it was. It is not surprising, therefore (says the narrative), that, after much wavering, the Emperor, in giving over his charge to Bazaine, added the injunction to retreat at once at least to Verdun, nor that the Marshal issued orders for the march on the evening of the 13th, when he had actually taken up his command. But it was precisely at this time that the German troops of the First Army, which had hitherto by their slow movement left a belt filled only by cavalry between them and their adversary, at length touched his outposts, in accordance with their order of the evening before, closely at every point; and a collision might therefore at any moment be brought on. The German Second Army moved on as already described. Meanwhile the 13th was spent on the French side in throwing bridges and sending over cavalry and trains; and the 14th was well advanced when the IInd, IVth, and VIth Corps had begun fairly to follow, covered by the IIIrd and the Guard.

Sudden cannon-firing interrupted the rearward movement about four o'clock in the afternoon. Manteuffel, whose corps formed the right of the First Army, reconnoitring in person from the front of his lines, had observed what was going on. So also had General Goltz, who was near him to his left with the advanced brigade of the VIIth. A few words of hurried communication led to the resolve of both to attack. Were the enemy in real retreat, or only passing through the fortress to fall on the Second Army, it must, the generals thought, be the duty of the First to delay him. So reasoned Manteuffel, and forthwith began the battle. Its first sounds stopped the French westward movement. Its increasing heat brought division after division back towards the scene of action. It is admirably told in this narrative, but is dealt with essentially from the German side; whilst it is admitted that its opening was "improvised" and dependent rather on the high spirit of the Germans than on the necessities of their situation. And the technical details, interesting though they are, and made specially

instructive by the clear key-sketches which are a special feature of the work, fade into insignificance when the reader's mind turns to the greater problem of strategy involved. The Part before us is closed, and we are yet left face to face with the question—What general or council of generals, what circumstance or combination of circumstances, must bear the heavy responsibility which brought the French back over their bridges on that fatal August afternoon? But such questions as this have passed out of the domain of literature into that of justice, and we must leave its settlement in the hands of the court before which the chief actor in the scenes of that eventful period has been arraigned.

ANOTHER "PEARL OF THE ANTILLES."

WE recently reviewed a book by Mr. Gallenga called the *Pearl of the Antilles*. We have now before us a book of the same name by Mr. Walter Goodman. We are sorry to see, from a notice issued with Mr. Goodman's book, that some dispute exists between the publishers of the two volumes as to the right to the title. It is not for us to decide whether Messrs. King or Messrs. Chapman and Hall have the best of the argument; whether such a name as the "Pearl of the Antilles" can be the subject of a legal right; or whether, under any circumstances, it can be worth while to dispute such a question. The misunderstanding is unfortunate, and the more so because Mr. Goodman reminds us in his preface that there is a long series of endearing titles which "poets and others" have conferred upon the island of Cuba; such, for example, as the "Queen of the Antilles," the "Jewel in the Spanish Crown," the "Summer Isle of Eden," the "Garden of the West," and the "Loyal and Ever-Faithful Isle." Some of these we fancy we have heard before, as applied to different countries; but, as there was so wide a choice, it is a pity that Mr. Goodman and Mr. Gallenga should have pitched upon the same title. We cannot help suggesting, moreover, that a still better and more obvious title than any of them existed—namely, "Cuba." The title of a book ought, simple-minded readers are apt to think, to be an indication of its contents; and the direct title would have told us more than any delicate periphrasis.

As, however, the two authors had resolved upon the same name, it is almost a pity that they could not have gone further, and agreed to combine their books. The two put together would have given us a more complete account of the island than either of them does alone. Mr. Gallenga visited Cuba as an intelligent observer of political phenomena, and gave us a very clear account of the complex relations of the various races in the island, and of the difficulties which have led to the insurrection. Mr. Goodman, on the other hand, treats us to a purely picturesque account of Cuban life and manners. He has nothing, or next to nothing, to say about politics. The insurrection was accidentally the cause of his having to leave the island, but he tells us nothing of the evils by which it was provoked. He describes beggars, priests, planters, shopkeepers, slaves, and other varieties of the Cuban population, but he does not express any opinion as to their relations or the reforms which may be needed. He is utterly unstatistical, profoundly indifferent to political economy, and, for anything that appears, cares nothing for religious or political disputes. Mr. Goodman, in fact, appears by his own account of himself to belong more or less to the great family of Bohemians. We learn from his first page that his motive for going to Cuba was the desire of accompanying an intimate friend who had been his chum during three years' artistic study in Florence, and who was returning to his native town, Santiago de Cuba. There Mr. Goodman settled and supported himself, partly by his art and partly by various supplementary occupations, such as corresponding with an American newspaper, and, once at least, appearing on the boards of a theatre. He has evidently a faculty for making himself at home, and it would appear that that desirable consummation is reached with special facility in the unconventional society of the tropics. Everybody in Santiago de Cuba appears to be in the habit of dropping in at the house of everybody else, and receiving an unlimited amount of hospitality in the shape of tobacco and aguardiente. Mr. Goodman recounts his experiences with the utmost frankness, and indeed, if all his statements are to be taken as strictly historical, with a somewhat surprising disregard of ordinary rules of decorum. We are quite unable to say how far an anecdote of a love affair which occupies some of the latter pages of his volume is meant to be a record of facts; and we have some doubts as to whether the young lady was really confined to her convent by a stern parent, and whether Mr. Goodman expects to meet her again in Europe. Judging such revelations by a European standard, we should be inclined to call them decidedly indiscreet, even if names and dates have been more or less disguised. However, the jaunty manner in which Mr. Goodman takes us into his confidence, and his general style of description, savour rather of the novelette in the minor periodicals to which some of his pages were originally contributed, and we may conclude that he would decline to be bound by any strict canons of accuracy. Mr. Goodman's style is indeed throughout affected by a desire to be sparkling at any price. The whole book, for example, is marked by a free use of the historical present. He never condescends to say that such or such a thing happened. It is always "I watch

* *The Pearl of the Antilles; or, the Artist in Cuba*. By Walter Goodman. London: Henry S. King & Co. 1873.

the proceedings" of the convicts, "We are shown over the fortifications," "My friend offers to present me to the company," and so on. Mr. Goodman has a certain amount of humour and of graphic power, but he is over-anxious to be incessantly dazzling, and we should have been more grateful to him if he had occasionally descended to the level ground of plain narrative. However we must take the best that we can get, and we may admit that he presents us with a series of sufficiently lively pictures of life in the tropics; and that anybody who wishes to know of a land where he can "burst the chains of habit" and enjoy the frank hospitality of a lazy, good-natured, irregular race, may consult his pages with advantage.

To give any coherent criticism of such a book is rather difficult. Mr. Goodman, we may say, goes through the proper experiences; he has an attack of yellow fever, is imprisoned on suspicion for making a sketch of the fortress, goes out on an expedition with the Spanish volunteers, sees a slave flogged and a rebel massacred, and hears in confidence the private history of a beautiful young Creole slave who is ultimately married to a Cuban gentleman. The most characteristic and amusing part of his narrative, however, is the description of his experiences of a painter's life in Cuba, and perhaps we shall best discharge our duty by briefly epitomizing one or two of the illustrative anecdotes which he relates. Mr. Goodman and his friend set up a studio as soon after their arrival as they could escape from the overwhelming lavishness of Cuban hospitality. The local press described them as "followers of the divine art of Apelles," and fell into ecstasies over pictures which required to be touched before they could be discriminated from realities. All kinds of demands were speedily made upon their talent, from painting portraits down to painting carriages, including the preparation of scenery for the theatre and triumphal arches to welcome Spanish governors. One special branch of their trade was taking likenesses of the dead. At three o'clock one morning, for example, Mr. Goodman was roused from his slumbers and called to a house where the ceremony of a "wake" was taking place. The body, dressed in a tightly-fitting suit of black, was propped up for Mr. Goodman to operate, and a sudden failure of the props produced a lively sensation amongst the audience. The relations and friends were sitting round the body smoking, drinking, and talking. Each new arrival, however, thought it proper to begin by embracing the dead man's boots, and was greeted by a chorus of hysterical lamentations by the assembled relatives. Mr. Goodman appears to have been a good deal more sensitive to the comic side of these proceedings than to their pathos, and considers the howls of the relatives in the light of a pantomimic performance. As their fame increased, the companions had more ambitious work thrust upon them. They had, for instance, to decorate a new shop with a grand allegorical oil-painting representing France in the act of crowning a celebrated chemist; and by the help of plaster busts, and drapery painted in imitation of marble, they erected a couple of imposing statues, one of which had to be appareled in genuine boots. Their greatest success appears to have been the triumphal arch already mentioned, which represented, by the help of wood and canvas, an old feudal castle 45 feet in height by 30 in breadth, inscribed with the names of the military triumphs of the illustrious Captain-general and surmounted by the Spanish flag.

It is plain that no foolish pride prevented Mr. Goodman from turning his hand to any honest method of making a livelihood. Indeed pride would have been out of place in so simple a society. Even begging is there a respectable profession. Cuban mendicants have something of the Edie Ochiltree, though they show more imagination than could be expected from the sturdy Scotch bedesman. Thus Mr. Goodman met a well-dressed lady at a friend's house, who sat down in a rocking-chair, entered into polite conversation, and in taking leave delicately held out her hand for a bit of money. Another beggar was formerly a slave, and obtained his freedom by publishing a volume of poetry, though apparently he did not find it convenient to maintain himself by his literary exertions. Where beggary is carried on by people of such claims to respectability, the dignity of art need prevent no man from sign-painting. The artist, indeed, has to run dangers peculiar to the country. Mr. Goodman tells us a story, which we must confess does not appear to be perfectly intelligible, of his adventures in search of a model. A girl upon whom he had fixed his eyes was the daughter of a laundress, who promised to consult her friends as to the propriety of the proceeding. Whilst she was supposed to be taking counsel, the watchman called on Mr. Goodman one night, and informed him that the model's mother was given to witchcraft, and that it was consequently unsafe to visit her premises without amulets in the shape of powdered glass and sulphur and mustard. Mysterious communications followed, directing Mr. Goodman to leave certain coins under his door, which would pay for a full revelation of the intentions of witches in regard to him. Whether or not these intimations had any relation to the suspected laundress does not precisely appear; but Mr. Goodman, visiting her premises again, was offered a drink which he seems to think was poisonous, and perceived that a fumigation of the house with some very disagreeable odours was taking place. Hereupon he escaped into the street, feeling very giddy, and resolving to have nothing more to do with witches, however attractive might be their daughters considered as models. The story, as we have said, does not lead to any very intelligible result.

A mystery almost equally thick hangs over Mr. Goodman's

accounts of a still more disagreeable adventure in the prison. He was shut up for some time with an intelligent Indian who had been imprisoned for months upon no particular charge, and had no prospect of a trial. The Indian told him encouraging stories of American and other foreign subjects who were locked up without any opportunity of communicating with their Consuls. Mr. Goodman owed his escape to the good offices of his friends; but the unlucky Indian appears to have been executed not long afterwards. What became of the Americans, or whether there really were any Americans, does not appear. Life under a military despotism has its disadvantages. Mr. Goodman, indeed, tells us a story of the rough justice dispensed by one energetic commander which on the whole is not much more satisfactory. A certain rich Cuban, it seems, had carried off a beautiful Creole to his house in reliance upon his interest with the authorities. Her lover managed to discover her place of detention, and complained to the energetic General Tacon, whose rule offered a brilliant exception to the ordinary manners of Spanish governors. The General sent for the lady and the Lovelace; and after strictly investigating the facts, ordered Lovelace to marry his Clarissa on the spot. The ceremony having been performed, Count Almante—the true name of the said Lovelace—was ordered to return to his home. On the way nine bullets were fired through his body; and the General informed the lady that she was a widow within an hour of her marriage, and the heir to her husband's property. Hereupon she married her lover and lived very happy ever afterwards. Mr. Goodman is not himself a witness to the truth of this anecdote, and we have a suspicion that we have read something very like it before. Assuming, however, that it is an illustration of the best variety of Spanish justice in Cuba, we may suppose that the ordinary rule is apt to be oppressive. Indeed, to say nothing of scorpions and yellow fever, there are obviously many objections to Cuba as a place of residence. A gentleman of a Bohemian turn, however, with a taste for the fine arts, may apparently contrive to lounge away months and years in the island with abundance of cigars, and enjoy the pleasures of indolence more fully than in most civilized countries. If Mr. Goodman had been content to tell his story more prosaically, we should have been better pleased; but we receive a general impression that, from the purely picturesque point of view, the bright skies and brilliant costumes of Cuba must really offer many objects of interest to a traveller who will fall in with the peculiar way of life described.

PRESSENSÉ'S HERESIES AND DOCTRINES OF THE FIRST THREE CENTURIES.*

THE present volume is a sequel to the two already published by the author, under the titles of *Early Years of Christianity* and *Martyrs and Apologists*, describing the external and intellectual conflict of the Church during the first three centuries with Paganism. It presents his view of the internal development of Christian doctrine and the contemporaneous growth of heresy during the same period, and is to be followed by a fourth, which will complete the series. We need hardly remind our readers that Dr. Pressensé, who is perhaps best known to English readers by his work on the Life and Times of Christ, is the leading representative of what is called the Evangelical or orthodox party in the French Protestant Church. That he is far removed from the narrowness of mere sectarian Protestantism may be inferred from his presence last year at the Old Catholic Congress at Cologne, and from the explanation he has since put on record of his interest in the movement. He has long ceased, he says, to look for the religious regeneration of France to any of the existing forms of French Protestantism, and he sees in the consent of the Catholic Church to reform itself seriously the only hope of restoring the moral power of religion in countries of the Latin race. It is only natural that, with these sentiments, he should feel especially drawn to the study of those early centuries in which Christian thinkers of every school and creed profess to find the historical evidences of their belief. It is generally urged or admitted by Protestant controversialists that in the fourth century the tide of corruption had already set in, and that, if an appeal is to lie to the Councils and Fathers of that and the succeeding ages, a very plausible case, to say the least, can be made out for the main outlines of the Catholic system. But they are not willing, as a rule, to surrender the testimony of the second and third centuries, though it is in fact necessary to read the ante-Nicene patristic literature through very strong Protestant spectacles if we choose to deny that, as a recent writer in the *Westminster Review* expresses it, the prevalent teaching at the date of the publication of the fourth Gospel was distinctively Catholic, and the earliest authorities available for the canon of Scripture may also be cited for such doctrines as the sacrifice of the altar and prayer for the dead. It will be seen presently that Dr. Pressensé, like other writers of the same school, has failed, notwithstanding his transparent sincerity and candour, adequately to realize the state of the case, though he is too learned and honest a writer not to supply the materials for correcting his own inaccuracies. His doctrinal standpoint, as opposed both to the Catholic and to the rationalistic, is very clearly laid down, though he seems strangely unconscious of its vulnerable points. He insists in *limine* on the essential distinction between orthodox doctrine and heresy, which latter term is not to be put aside as an

* *Heresy and Christian Doctrine*. By E. de Pressensé, D.D. Translated by Annie Harwood. London: Hodder & Stoughton. 1873.

attack on liberty of conscience, but is the proper designation of "doctrines which on some capital point are in direct contradiction to primitive Christianity," and are in fact "always a reaction either in the direction of Judaism or Paganism." And accordingly the great lesson to be learnt from the history of the Early Church is "to repudiate alike the religious radicalism which denies revelation, and the narrow orthodoxy which insists on its own interpretations." But if there be, as is expressly maintained, "a rule of faith more or less obligatory," the obvious question arises as to where the line is to be drawn between what the author calls "fundamental and secondary points," and how both are to be marked off from doubtful or directly heterodox speculations, unless some external standard is recognized. But he objects to the authority of tradition, regarded by writers like Irenæus and Tertullian as paramount, and protests still more strongly against the later authority of Councils, from Nicea downwards, as a hierarchical oppression of conscience, originally derived from the Montanist heresy. Yet some criterion for distinguishing faith from opinion seems all the more necessary when the principle of development in relation to such fundamental doctrines as "redemption and the Trinity" is admitted. And here Dr. Pressensé parts company altogether with the old-fashioned Evangelical divines, to whom "the mere mention of a history of doctrine would have been a scandal," and speaks with high admiration of Dr. Newman's "scientific" essay on the subject, while denouncing Milner's now obsolete *History of the Christian Church* as "a masterpiece of bigoted ignorance." Indeed he expressly affirms that "theology is the very knowledge which, according to apostolic precept, is to be added to faith." Such a theory is quite intelligible and manageable in the hands of a Catholic theologian who recognizes Church authority as a discriminating test, wherever he may place the seat of that authority, or of a rationalizing theologian who relegates the ultimate decision to the "verifying faculty" or reason of the individual; but it does not harmonize easily with the views of a writer who explicitly rejects the former criterion, and yet insists as emphatically as those who maintain it on the reality and obligations of positive belief.

We must add that this vagueness of general principle appears to us to follow the author into his detailed treatment of his subject. Let us take two instances of doctrines which he evidently holds to be "fundamental"—the Trinity and the Atonement. As regards the first point, he says that Justin Martyr's language proves that he could not have believed in the divinity of the Holy Spirit; that Clement of Alexandria, and indeed Christian antiquity generally, scarcely distinguishes the Second and Third Persons of the Trinity; that with most of the early Fathers "the Word has a beginning," and that all writers before Irenæus regard the Incarnation as "nothing more than a superior mode of revelation or divine illumination." The phrase we have italicized betrays the fallacy which underlies a good deal of this exaggerated method of statement. No doubt a gradual development in the expression, and to some extent in the apprehension, of Christian doctrine may be traced in the ante-Nicene Fathers, if not also in the New Testament, and Petavius, whom the author most unaccountably censures for ignoring this fact, was the first divine who made it his special business to insist upon it, whereby he drew down on himself the elaborate, and on the whole very undeserved, censure of the Anglican Bishop Bull. But it is very possible to exaggerate these discrepancies of early writers, especially when omission is taken as tantamount to ignorance or denial. St. Basil, for instance, in the fourth century, in a treatise on the Holy Ghost, especially written against heretics, studiously avoids any direct assertion of His divinity, which was defined soon afterwards at the Council of Alexandria; but it would be most uncritical to infer that he did not believe it. And we must confess to some surprise at finding a writer so familiar with Christian antiquity as Dr. Pressensé, and especially one who can refer to the works of Dr. Newman, so entirely oblivious of the well-known principles of *discrepantia* and *disciplina arcani*, which can never safely be left out of sight in the interpretation of patristic teaching, though it is of course easy enough to press them to an undue extent. He also appears to us to forget that, apart from this consideration, a writer dealing with one subject is not at all bound to mention every other subject which may be thought to have some connexion with it. To argue, for instance, from what Clement of Alexandria says about the true Christian making up for the absence of the Apostles by his purity of knowledge and life, that he acknowledges no other apostolic succession than that of faith and piety, would be a purely arbitrary assumption, even if it were not quite out of keeping with contemporary evidence. The fact is that Dr. Pressensé, though he is familiar with the text of the Fathers, is not sufficiently at home in patristic terminology to have the right key for its interpretation. It has been very truly observed that a student may "employ himself laboriously in the Fathers, and yet attain to as little idea of the rich mines of thought, or the battle-fields which he is passing over, as if he was visiting the coasts of the Mediterranean without a knowledge of history or geology." And to measure their theology by the favourite passwords of modern Protestantism, such as justification by faith, or the error of "sacerdotalism," is not the way to enter into its full meaning. Sacerdotalism or the sacramental system may be, as it has sometimes been expressed, "the *πρωτον φινος* of the Church system"; but it cannot fairly be denied that the germ of the error at least are to be discovered by the end of the first century. A writer like Baur, who brings no theological preconceptions to his task, is apt to be a safer guide in

the historical criticism of doctrine than a divine of the modern Evangelical school, though Baur is no doubt sometimes misled by his passion for constructing systems that will run on all fours. And this leads us to mention another weakness not at all peculiar to the author, but common to him with most French writers, whether Catholic or Protestant, religious or secular, which materially deducts from the value and trustworthiness of their criticisms. There is not only a sort of looseness and flaccidity about his general method of treatment which contrasts unfavourably, e.g. with Neander's way of handling the same subject-matter, but he shares to the full that apparently national incapacity for accurate quotation which is a besetting sin of his countrymen. His translations merge into paraphrases which always obscure, and not unfrequently misrepresent, the sense of the original, though he is too honest not generally to give us the means of correcting these inaccuracies in a footnote. Thus, for instance, he quarrels with Neander for admitting, what no sound criticism can deny, that Irenæus taught a real sacrifice and presence in the Eucharist; and he quotes in disproof of it, among other passages, one which really tells entirely the other way, but which he thus renders in the text:—"In like manner He declared the wine (also a created thing) to be His blood; and He thus teaches us what is the new oblation which the Church under the new Covenant presents to God according to apostolic tradition, &c." We have italicized the interpolated or inaccurately rendered words which give an entirely new turn to the sentence. The Latin original quoted in the note is this:—"Calicem similiter, qui est ex ed creaturâ suum sanguinem confessus est, et Novi Testamenti novam docuit oblationem, quam Ecclesia ab apostolis accipiens in universo mundo offert Deo." This is not indeed precisely the language of Aquinas, or even of St. Augustine, but it stands in much the same relation to their language as that of ante-Nicene theology to the more explicit statements of the later Creeds.

We will take one other point, not bearing on any existing controversy, which affords a crucial illustration of the author's inadequate grasp of patristic habits of thought. No one who has studied the development of Christian doctrine can be unaware of the momentous influence exercised for a thousand years on the theological conception of the Atonement by the theory of a ransom paid to Satan, first introduced by Irenæus, further systematized by Origen, and worked out in its complete form, involving a debt on the one side, and the stratagem by which payment was effected on the other, by the Fathers of the fourth century. For centuries this view was generally accepted as a true, though not an exhaustive, explanation of the mystery of redemption; and its last echoes are heard, after St. Anselm had already indicated the theory of satisfaction which was destined to supersede it, in the startling phraseology of Peter Lombard, who calls the Cross "a mousetrap baited with the blood of Christ." Now the author cannot help coming across this theory in his treatment of Origen, and he says quite rightly that it bears evident traces of its Gnostic—meaning, we presume, thereby its dualistic—origin. But with that, and the still more obvious remark that it cannot fairly be held to comprehend the whole of Origen's doctrine of redemption, he dismisses it from view. Not a hint is given of its subsequent development and the wide influence it exerted on religious thought, nor does he appear to be aware that Irenæus, and not Origen, first introduced it into the Church. Yet he quotes at length the classical passage in Irenæus (v. 1) where it is first brought forward, or rather, after his wont, gives a loose and very inaccurate paraphrase of it, without showing any apprehension of its real drift, except in a casual criticism on Baur in a footnote for applying *secundum suadentem* to the Devil and not to man. It is pretty clear from the context, not in the paraphrase but in the original—which by the by is not given in this case—as well as from other passages, that Baur's interpretation of the words is the right one. But Dr. Pressensé insists on twisting them into an irrelevant assertion of human freedom. Anyone who desires to contrast the dry and laborious exactness of German criticism with the more readable and rhetorical, but far less trustworthy, fluency of French exegesis, could not do better than compare this book of Dr. Pressensé's with the earlier volumes of Neander's *Church History* or a treatise on the history of doctrine by Thomasius or Baur. We are far from meaning to imply that the volume is not an interesting one, or that it may not be profitably as well as pleasantly consulted by those who have sufficient knowledge of the subject not to be at the mercy of the writer. We are inclined to think that the First Book, which deals with the heresies of the early centuries, is the most satisfactory portion of it. The account of Manichæism, as rather a new form of Magianism than a Christian heresy, an attempt to translate into Christian language the religious ideas of Zoroaster, is correct enough as far as it goes. It was not to be expected that the author would refer to the revival of the heresy in some of those mediæval sects in which writers like Mosheim and Milner have discovered the little remnant of the true Church in an age of almost universal apostasy. But perhaps the most interesting chapter, because it exhibits a literature entirely *sui generis*, and with which comparatively few readers have any acquaintance—except from incidental notices in Longfellow's *Golden Legend*, and the like—is that on the Apocryphal Gospels. Of these compositions some had an heretical origin, like most of the Gospels of the Infancy, while others, like the *Testament of the Twelve Patriarchs* and the *Acts of Pilate*, are free from any such taint. The claim of inspiration was disallowed in the case of all of them, but their evidence is nevertheless valuable as to the prevalent beliefs of the first and second centuries; and it is

certainly remarkable in this connexion to find such early references to, e.g. the dignity, and even the bodily assumption, of the Virgin, the mysterious sanctity of the Eucharist, the intercession of the Saints, "the anticipated glorification of conventual virginity," in the person of Thecla, the preservation of relics, and veneration of the Cross, in what the author calls "terms of the most abject superstition." The language put into the mouth of the Apostle in the *Acts of Andrew* would alone prove the very early introduction of "sacerdotalism," though the author refuses to see it in that light. "Every day," he is made to say, "I offer the spotless Lamb on the altar of the Cross; His body is truly eaten and His blood truly drunk by the people." It is easy to explain all this as an expression of that "mythological instinct" of the popular mind which ever seeks to materialize and corrupt religion, but the fact remains, supposing it to be a caricature of the dominant system, that the caricature must have resembled the reality.

We have not left ourselves space to do more than briefly indicate the general framework of the volume. The First Book deals in successive chapters with the Gnostic, Manichean, Judaizing, and Montanist heresies, and what the author calls "the first Unitarians"—i.e. the *Alogi* and *Sabellians*—and closes with a chapter on the Apocryphal Gospels. The Second Book, on the Development of Doctrine in the Church, goes through the four schools, which are respectively designated the Græco-Asiatic, the Alexandrian—which is the most important, including Clement of Alexandria and Origen—the Græco-Roman school of Irenæus and Hippolytus, and the Carthaginian. The Table of Contents, which contains little beyond headings of chapters, requires considerable enlargement, and all the more so from the Index at the end being a very meagre one. It is due to the translator to say that she has executed her work exceedingly well. The book hardly reads like a translation, and there are not too many English versions of French works of which that can be affirmed.

ABOUT PHEASANTS.*

IT was high time that a popular account of the history of this bird *de luxe* should begin with some more solid information than Daniel's statement that "it was introduced into Europe by the Argonauts"—a statement for the verification of which many persons will be at a loss where to search for authorities beyond the range of Mr. William Morris's *Life and Death of Jason*. And though Mr. Elliott's monograph may be said to exhaust the subject for the curious, no one will regret that Mr. Tegetmeier's skill in bringing to bear upon any department of the history of gallinaceous birds the stores of research which he has amassed has been directed at length into this channel, which has so much to connect it with his works on the poultry-yard and the pigeon-house. With him for guide and mentor, we may fairly hope to be spared absurd exaggerations, and to find reasonable explanations of statements about which doubt might suggest itself. He contents himself, for example, with referring the origin of the pheasant to Asia Minor, with which, in spite of a thousand years' naturalization in the south and centre of Europe, it identifies itself by its Asiatic shyness; but on the question of the earliest traces of the bird in England, he cites much curious matter from old tracts and chronicles ransacked by Mr. Boyd Dawkins, and Mr. Harting in his *Ornithology of Shakespeare*, to show that it occurs as early as 1059 A.D. in a bill of fare, where it seems to be equivalent in value to two magpies, and up to 1512, where in the "Northumberland Household Book" it ranks in estimation at the same rate as a curlew, a heron, or a bittern. To these notices might have been added another, which seems to set the pheasant at a higher premium, in 1170, but which has escaped Mr. Tegetmeier—to wit, that Thomas à Becket on the day of his martyrdom dined on a pheasant, and enjoyed it, as it would seem from the remark of one of his monks, that "he dined more heartily and cheerfully that day than usual." But enough is advanced to establish the probability that the countrymen of Apicius, the Romans of the Empire, introduced the pheasant into Britain; where, whatever its early fluctuations in value and estimation, it now, as our author puts the case, "from the moment of emerging from the shell to final disappearance between the lips of the gourmet, is the object of the tenderest solicitude of the gamekeeper, the sportsman, the poulterer, the cook, and, finally, of the host who presides at the head of the table." Such a bird deserves to have its nature and habits popularly known; and Mr. Tegetmeier's pages will further this end very materially, discussing as they do the pheasant in the covert and the pen, as well as in the aviary, in all stages of its existence. Practically, the Englishman's concern is with the common species, or Phasianus Colchicus, and its close allies, the Chinese, Japanese, the Semmering, and the Reeves pheasants, of which the last-named carries to the furthest extreme the characteristic elongation of the tail-feathers. The gold and silver pheasants belong to distinct groups, and are only interesting for the aviary and for eye-service.

A good many notes of its original wildness cling to our common pheasant even under all the conditions of acclimatization and civilization in modern pens and coverts. First we may mention the shyness of which it hardly ever gets rid, though it is not uncommon to meet with individual instances of domesticated pheasants, such

as that instanced by Mr. Tegetmeier, which answered to the name of Dick, liked human and canine society, visited the breakfast-table and the kitchen fire, and slept in his protector's bedroom. The pheasant that could not endure crinolines (see p. 16) is, we submit, an example of correct, but hardly of domesticated, habits. But we believe it to be indubitable that such instances of tameness do not, as a rule, stand the test of the breeding season; and the result of the observations of the acute and experienced naturalist Waterton was conclusive as to the singular innate timidity of the pheasant, which, though apparently got over by systematic efforts, is ever breaking out again on the abrupt appearance of some new object, and eventually baffles all attempts at domestication. It is this inborn timidity or shyness that defies attempts to make the bird breed in our yards, or to cross it with the domestic fowl, with the original of which, the jungle-fowl (a species perfectly domesticable), it is nevertheless allied. Another token of wildness is the great pugnacity of the pheasant, both with his fellows and with the game-cocks, with whom he has been occasionally pitted by way of experiment. Mr. F. O. Morris quotes an instance of a cock pheasant that killed three gamecocks and was itself killed by a fourth. There is something too in its omnivorousness, and still more in its carnivorous tastes, which betokens the "fera natura"; the latter being illustrated by instances of its gorging a slow-worm (whence the fable that it lives on serpents), and of its being found dead with a short-tailed field-mouse in its gullet. Observation of its digestive organs, however, proves that too great an abundance of animal or stimulating food is apt to inflame the "pro-ventriculus," or digestive tube connecting the crop with the gizzard; and in a state of nature, and under favourable circumstances, we should find the pheasant addicted rather to insects, larvæ, fruits, roots, and berries, the tubers of the buttercup and silverweed, the oak-spangles, which enclose a grub, and are in effect the *nidi* of a *cynips*, and the wire-worms, of which the bird is so destructive as to deserve the farmer's patronage instead of his hostility, than to such banquets of solid flesh as have been mentioned above. For the kinds of food indeed which it prefers, the pheasant's strong legs and blunt claws admirably equip it; and, though its flight is strong and rapid (it has even been known to break plate-glass windows), as well as sustained enough to cross the sea embankment between Yorkshire and Lincolnshire, where the Humber is four miles across, still it must be accounted a terrestrial bird, feeding, nesting, and rearing its young on the ground. The hen pheasant's nest is ordinarily a ground hollow on a slope, though it has been known to nest in a hedge beside a cart-road. Occasionally, however, she will take to a deserted owl's or squirrel's nest, up a tree, as much as twelve feet from the ground; though whether in such cases she succeeds in safely removing her young to "terra firma," and, if so, how she does it, is as yet, according to Mr. Tegetmeier, apparently *sub judice*.

From the whole scope of Mr. Tegetmeier's observations we should infer that the pheasant in England thrives best when, as in Norfolk, it is in as nearly a wild and natural state as possible. Where the bird is tamest, as in Sherwood Forest, it is found that apoplexy from overfeeding on maize and stimulating artificial food sets a natural limit to an increase which would otherwise be excessive; and it is in such districts of course that the extraordinary weights of from 4½ to 6 lbs. are recorded:—

In all these cases of exceptionally large birds the extreme weight is owing to the fattening influence of the maize on which they are fed, and some are even so distended with fat as to burst open on concussion with the ground as they fall from the gun.

One of the chief problems connected with the preservation of pheasants is, of course, how to be even with the greatest foe to it, the night-poacher. Our author gives useful recipes for getting rid of cats, foxes, hedgehogs, and polecats. He holds the scales, too, very fairly in the often-tried case of "rook versus pheasant." He cites cases where pheasants have sat and reared their young immediately under a rookery; adduces presumptive evidence of the rook's indirect good offices to the pheasant, which is indebted to it for stray pellets and quids dropped from the crowded pouch under the rook's lower mandible, in the transit home to its mate and nest; and finally concludes that, save in exceptional seasons, or where eggs are exposed by mowing, the influence of the rook is not hostile to pheasant-rearing. The carrion crow is a less doubtful offender, and, with jackdaws, magpies, and jays deserves no quarter. But the human biped is worse than all these, to say nothing of the expense of money and ill-blood which it takes to deal effectually with him. A wild instinct and a tempting price in a ready market prompt the poacher to take advantage of the pheasant's ground-quest of food, and too demonstrative habit of proclaiming his roosting-time by a chuckle when he "trees." As Mr. Morris puts it, "the paths they form in thickets invite the treacherous snare; the air-gun can easily reach them on their visible roost, or even a noose at the end of a pole; should they fly, the difficulty is to miss them with a gun; and should any of these means not be resorted to, a villanous sulphur match will bring them down" (*Brit. Birds*, iv. 320). We look with interest to see what panacea is proposed. Three devices are glanced at of more or less efficacy; such as pitfalls seven feet deep with slanting sides, which would no doubt vex and discomfit the poacher, especially in the case of the night-watchers being near; or alarm-guns (an old device which has been greatly improved upon of late years) capable of discharge by the action of a strong curved spring, which is held by a trigger that can be acted upon by several lines set in different directions. Best, however, and cheapest, are the *mock pheasants*, made of haybands, rushes, or fern, bound with tarred

* *Pheasants—for the Covert and the Aviary: their Natural History and Practical Management.* In Four Parts. By W. B. Tegetmeier, F.Z.S., Author of the "Poultry Book." London: the "Field" Office. 1873.

twine or wire—or, in many cases, of painted wood—which are tied up in the larch-boughs, and at which the poacher is led to blaze away his powder and shot to his own loss, confusion, and discovery. None of these plans, however, supersede the necessity of night-watching; and yet even this may be done without, if we may accept the suggestions of writers quoted by Mr. Tegetmeier, whose experience to a great extent coincides with that of Mr. Waterton. The gist of these suggestions is the formation of a special poacher-proof covert or two. Enclosures of from ten to two acres planted with spruce and silver firs in a central part of the estate, or as near as may be to the house, kept good by regular thinning, and a mixture of birch or chestnuts for nurses to the spruce, and for the birds to preen their plumage in, form an impregnable roosting-place and stronghold for the cock-pheasants, which, scouring the woodlands from early morn till eve for larvae, roots, and hips and haws, will come back at night to their warm roost among the spruces. These are preferable to the Scotch firs, which have not such horizontal branches, and serve better for the cock's higher roost than hollies, Portugal laurels, and yews, which might be as good a sanctuary for the hens. The larch branches are undoubtedly favourite roosts of the pheasant, but do not offer the same concealment from the quick eye of the poacher. Mr. Waterton's plan is akin to that just noticed, inasmuch as he plants spruce firs fourteen feet apart in the centre of a covert of three acres sown with whins and fenced with holly on a level ground beneath a hill, and bordered with a gentle stream. This observant naturalist did his utmost to attach his birds to their sanctuary, and to wean them from vagrant habits, by feeding them from mid-winter to spring with boiled potatoes, beans, and cabbage; and he too resorted to the wooden pheasants as a foil to the poacher.

Of the three modes of feeding pheasants in the coverts, the least advisable is that by feeding-troughs which open by the pheasant's weight upon an attached bar. Besides being expensive and apt to get out of order, they facilitate the undesirable end of filling the bird to repletion. For feeding by hand, if done punctually and at a set place, it may be said that it is the surest method of making the birds tame, as well as of ascertaining that all is right with them. Best and simplest, however, is the stack of unthreshed grain, with the ears turned inwards, and the bottom of the stack a foot from the ground, at which the pheasant may help itself, a bundle being pulled out and its hands cut every two or three days. Mr. Tegetmeier prescribes a pheasant-hut to serve at once for a shelter and a dust-floor, as well as a safe place for various foods, such as potatoes, Indian corn, and Jerusalem artichokes, which by the way are a great recommendation to a covert in the pheasant's eyes. So, too, are shallow catchpools to hold water; and these things are worth attending to if they tend to keep the pheasant from roaming. For the pheasants generally, and the young ones in particular, it is of great importance to provide plenty of green food. This is especially necessary in the pens or aviaries in which it is sometimes the custom to breed pheasants for the covert; and these should be as much as possible moveable, since ground on which the birds are too long stationary is apt to become tainted with the ova of the gape-worm. The pen of wattled hurdles, sunk a few inches below the surface of the ground, fastened with tarred cord, and netted at the top, unless the pheasants' wings are clipped, is better than the permanent aviary, in that it is more easily shifted. But it should be large enough to afford ample room for a cock and from three to five hens, and across a horizontal pole should be hung a number of faggots or branches for a shelter, a laying-place, and a roost. Many cautions are given in these pages with reference to the pheasant's laying her eggs, if in confinement, where they can be regularly and quickly collected. The male bird in confinement is apt to take to egg-eating, and, having contracted the habit, clings to it as a dog that has killed sheep clings to the taste of mutton, or a ghoul in the *Arabian Nights* to that of graveyard corpses. To remedy this he is sometimes given a wooden egg to tire him of the sport, and at others is cribbed in a loose box in the corner. Another plan is to coax the hen to take to an artificial nest, thinly covered with straw, through which the eggs may drop into a box or tray coated with seeds. Owing to the dislike of the hen-pheasant to incubate in confinement, the half-bred Silky or the pure-bred Game hens are often called in as foster-mothers; indeed any hen that is a good nurse will answer the purpose. A comparison of the hatching of eggs in a pen and in the nest in the woods suggests that, following nature, we should study dry and sheltered hatching-places with a free circulation of air, to cherish the life that lies beneath the shell.

A chapter on the rearing of the young birds strongly recommends that they should be left as much as possible to nature and instinct. Fresh ants' pupæ and canary-seed are the best first food; and next, the invaluable custard which does so much for the young chicks in the *Poultry Book*. There is much diversity of opinion about the quantity of water to be allowed to young birds; but, with the precaution of its being fresh and clean, it seems only natural that the supply should be liberal. That they drink freely in a wild state seems to follow from the observation (p. 71) that poachers in large breeding-places always net any springs within reach of the coops in dry weather, and this often with success.

Before concluding, we must draw attention to Mr. Tegetmeier's partial dissent from the hard and fast rule of shooting down the cocks and saving the hens. Though the flesh of the hen is more juicy, the sportsman feels a pang at its slaughter, and the sumptuary laws of the field and covert have long enforced a provision against it. A poet-laureate, who did not set much of a

mark on the last century, refers as follows to the rule and the forfeit for breaking it:—

But when the Hen to thy discerning view
Her sober pinion spreads of dusky hue,
The attendant keeper's prudent warning hear,
And spare the offspring of the future year;
Else shall the fine which custom laid of old
Avenge her slaughter by thy forfeit gold.

There is reason, however, in Mr. Tegetmeier's argument that you may carry shooting the cocks to excess, and may cause disproportion by sparing the hens. One of his correspondents writes that, as a rule, "too much forbearance is shown to hens early in the season and too little to the cocks at the end of it." He would adapt one or two small coverts as feeding places for stock birds, and spare these, but kill freely elsewhere.

THE TONGUE NOT ESSENTIAL TO SPEECH.*

WHAT is a miracle? The world at large would have been spared no little amount of distraction, and our library shelves would have had a great deal of space for works of more tangible and permanent worth, had disputants on the nature and significance of miracles been compelled to define in strict terms what they understand a miracle to be. An English controversialist has by no means that ready way of evading the difficulty which the German possesses in the ambiguous use of the word *Wunder*. However widely English thinkers or writers may disagree in their understanding of what constitutes a miracle, it is agreed on both sides that a miracle is somewhat really and essentially beyond a merely wonderful thing. To excite wonder and to defy explanation are qualities which go no way at all towards making up the idea of a miracle. A thing may be matter of wonder to-day, and not only clear, but commonplace, to-morrow. The same thing may be, like the electric flash, the wonder, even the terror, of some minds, and the scientific instrument or the plaything of others. To talk of sending a message to the East or West Indies and having an answer back in half-an-hour would have been, fifty years ago, to suggest a miracle to probably every man living; and who knows how many things which would be dismissed as miracles or impossibilities now may be the most ordinary things in the world fifty years hence? We may as well vary our opening question by asking what are impossibilities? Most people would probably say offhand that an impossibility is what cannot be done at all; that a miracle is what cannot be done under the existing laws of nature; but that these laws may be in exceptional cases, and by the fiat of a higher power, suspended or overruled. The question still remains, what is meant by laws of nature? Is it such laws as we at the present time know to exist, or such as we may have ascertained to exist, say in fifty years' time? At all events, must we not be prepared to find many things which once were deemed incredible, impossible, or miraculous, now made thoroughly clear and of everyday occurrence?

An event takes place before our eyes, or is told us by witnesses of good repute as having been seen by them, or currently reported among them fifteen centuries or so ago, which is utterly incompatible with all that we know of natural possibility. What are we to say of it? Are we to argue the interference of a power over and above nature, or simply to say that our senses or our witnesses have played us false? The proofs may be too strong for us summarily and with perfect satisfaction of mind to set the fact aside. What then will a man of fair, or let us say of sceptical, mind do? There may be minds of a paradoxical or fanatical cast to which the very inconceivability of the fact may be an incentive to belief. *Credo quia impossibile est*. Be it however said, in justice to the servid African, who, if an ardent believer, was certainly no illogical driveller, that this famous saying of his meant no more than that the fact of a thing having taken place which was impossible in nature or to man made him believe it to be the act of God. Of the effect upon a mind oppositely constituted we may practically judge from the frank admission of Gibbon that "the stubborn mind of an infidel is guarded by secret incurable suspicion." Whatever the evidence, he rejects it rather than admit what seems the only admissible alternative. It is simply a question of pre-existing bias. "The Arian or Socinian who has seriously rejected the doctrine of the Trinity will not be shaken by the most plausible evidence of an Athanasian miracle." Doubtless he might say the same thing of the bigot on the other side. But what does Gibbon himself do when staggered by the overwhelming evidence for what could only be accepted, if at all, as a miracle—the well-known case of the African martyrs who retained the gift of speech after their tongues had been cut out by the roots under orders from the Vandal Arian Hunneric? To his instincts as an historian the proofs of the story were not to be set aside if historical evidence was to be admitted at all. He states the evidence with his usual fairness, yet he is utterly unable to submit his reason to what is not otherwise to be spoken of than as a "supernatural gift." All he can say of it is, that "it will command the belief of those, and of those only, who already believe that their [the martyrs'] language was pure and orthodox." However much he might spurn it as an explicit canon of logic, he would in practice admit that, as a fact, the mind does and will find in its own inner stores an habitual belief or tendency to believe, on which it proceeds to admit readily

* *The Tongue not Essential to Speech; with Illustrations of the Power of Speech in the African Confessors.* By the Hon. Edward Twissleton. London: John Murray. 1873.

a new accession to its convictions, and to erect thereupon an addition to its fabric of belief. Rightly or wrongly, it is hardly to be denied that mankind do practically go in such matters by that illative sense seated in the mind and anterior to all external elements of belief, which forms one of the primary points of accident in Dr. Newman's *Grammar of Assent*. Anyhow it is not altogether with his wonted complacency or cynical suggestion of fraud that Gibbon, after a sneer at the specious miracles of the African Catholics as being assignable with more reason to their own industry than to the visible protection of Heaven, leaves without further comment "the one preternatural event which the historian may condescend to mention" as something which will "edify the devout and surprise the incredulous."

It would probably have brought some relief to the mind of the historian in this dilemma had he become acquainted with the physiological facts brought together by Mr. Twisleton in his recent little work upon this subject. To have learnt that no miraculous influence whatever need be dragged in to account for the continued speech of the African confessors, but that phenomena of the like kind are fully authenticated and by no means uncommon in the records of recent surgery, would have taken away all reproach from the authority of history, whilst leaving no scope for triumph to the upholders of superstition. It may be thought strange that, with so much mental activity and so intimate an acquaintance with what was going on in the world of literature and of the intellect in general, Gibbon should not have hit upon the reference to this case in Conyers Middleton's *Free Inquiry*, published in 1748, in which, discussing the supposed miraculous powers of the early Church, he disposes of the African confessors by citing two cases mentioned by Jussieu, the eminent surgeon of Paris, in a paper before the Royal Academy of Sciences in 1718. One of these was the case of a Portuguese girl born without a tongue, who talked as distinctly and easily as if she had one; the other that of Pierre Durand of Saumur, who at the age of eight or nine lost his tongue from ulcer or gangrene. The latter case had been made public eighty years before by a surgeon of Saumur, named Roland, who made it the basis of a small treatise entitled *Aglossostomographie*, published in 1630 and dedicated to Dr. Mark Duncan, Principal of the Academy of Saumur, a Scotch physician by whom his attention had been directed to the case. Of this work, now rare in the original, a Latin version appeared in 1672 in the *Ephemerides Germanicae*, by Dr. Rayger of Presburg, a scientific series analogous to the Transactions of our Royal Society. Though stories are told of several sufferers under the persecution of French Protestants at the Reformation having similarly retained their power of speech, the Saumur case is the earliest which has rewarded the labours of Mr. Twisleton, whose interest in the subject was aroused by reading a passage in Sir John Malcolm's *History of Persia*, which spoke of well-known cases parallel to that of the African confessors. A memorandum drawn up by him for insertion in *Notes and Queries* was communicated to Dean Milman, and is referred to in the second edition of *Latin Christianity*. Further inquiry brought to the author's knowledge additional cases which have been incorporated into the interesting little work before us.

The next instance in point of time to that of the boy of Saumur is that of a man known as Joannes the Dumb, of Weesp, near Amsterdam, who had had his tongue cut out by Turkish pirates rather than renounce Christianity, but whose speech came back after the shock of a flash of lightning. This case is told, in 1652, in the *Observationes Medicae* of Dr. Nicolas Tulp, a distinguished anatomist, and burgomaster of Amsterdam. The third case is that of the Portuguese girl reported upon by Jussieu, and further attested in a letter (September 3, 1707) by Dr. Wilcocks, then chaplain to the Embassy at Lisbon, afterwards Bishop of Rochester, published in Wanley's *Wonders of the Little World*. The earliest case recorded in England is that of Margaret Cutting, a young woman of Wickham Market, reported at length in the Philosophical Transactions in 1742 and 1747. Her tongue had dropped out while being syringed for cancer at the age of four, when the child, to the amazement of all round, said, "Don't be frighted, mamma; 'twill grow again." Though no tongue or even uvula was to be seen, she pronounced both vowels and consonants articulately, even those which seemed to require the help of the tongue, as *d, l, t, n, r*. Reference is made in this Memoir to the passage in which the Justinian Code speaks of venerable men, besides the victims of Hunneric, "qui abscissis radicibus linguis poenas miserabiliter loquebantur." To the same effect are the cases of Zāl Khan, reported by Sir John Malcolm, and of the Emir Fars, told by Mr. B. Wood, Consul at Tunis, the operation upon the latter victim having been witnessed by Colonel Churchill in 1824. Not only is this punishment of common occurrence in the East, but experience has established the impression that no material loss of speech is the result, if only the excision be complete—that is, not that of the tip of the tongue only—and symmetrical, so as not to leave the member ragged or divided. With this view the executioner has a customary fee paid him to ensure the neatness of the operation. For refusing to pay fifty tomanas (25*l*.) Mehdee Kooly Beg, sentenced by Fath Ali Shah to lose his tongue at Teheran, as reported by Dr. Dickson, physician to the British Legation, found himself speechless till he had the pluck to complete the operation upon himself with a razor. So common are instances of the kind in the East, that Dr. Wolff speaks of meeting thirty people at Bokhara who spoke articulately without their tongues. The fullest and most satisfactory case reported by Mr. Twisleton is that of Mr. Robert Rawlings, who within

ten years ago was still living to tell the tale of an operation whereby the whole body of his tongue had been removed for cancer, not, as in the previous cases, through the mouth, but by excision under the chin, between the lower jaw and the hyoid bone. The report of this case by Mr. Nunnely, the operating surgeon, given here at length, is one of great interest, as are also Mr. Twisleton's own record of an interview with the patient, and the minutes of Sir Charles Lyell and Professors Owen and Huxley, who subsequently examined and conversed with him. The series of cases ends with one reported by Professor Syme, and with a letter from Sir James Paget, who has six times performed the operation, and who adds that in each case the patient could talk quickly and intelligibly, the pronunciation of the lingual sounds, as *d, t, th*, alone being imperfect.

Upon the whole, Mr. Twisleton, who sums up his proofs by appending the text of all passages or documents bearing upon them, is fully entitled to infer that all questions involved in the phenomenon of speech in the African confessors lie strictly within the domain of natural science, and that there is no reason for asserting or suspecting any miraculous intervention in the matter. We can scarcely expect that Dr. Newman, who has declared his belief to have been by no means withdrawn after the memorandum in *Notes and Queries*, will be converted by the ample evidence brought forward in the work before us. Under a system which, as he describes it, "is from east to west, from north to south, hung with miracles, which are the Church's glory," one portent less or more can make little difference. It is enough that he admits this especial miracle to be withdrawn for the present *quoad* controversial purposes. To those who look simply to the exactitude of history and the trustworthiness of human testimony, it is of no slight interest to have the facts of the case so satisfactorily set right.

HESTER MORLEY'S PROMISE.*

THERE is always something subdued and quakerish, but strong in its very distinctness and simplicity, about Miss Stretton's writing. She evidently, too, takes pains with her work, and is not content to fill up so much copy with the first outpour of undigested verbiage that may occur to her. We know when we read her that she has given us the best of which she was capable; and that she has not put off her public with that disdainful "it will do" which has been the ruin of so many authors, writing for the immediate guinea, not for an enduring reputation, and careful only to give the least they can for their money. Miss Stretton is free from any taint of this suicidal dishonesty, this contemptuous indifference to the inherent worth of her work; and so far we are grateful to her, and disposed to judge her faults leniently.

Miss Stretton excels in a Dutch-like description of men such as John Morley, the bookseller of Little Aston, that grave, solemn, sorrow-stricken man, "stationed on the northern side of life, where no laughter or splendour of sunlight could fall upon him." He is a deacon in the Dissenting chapel, which, with its "pretensions portico supported by four square pillars of red brick, and surmounted by a pediment and architrave of blue and yellow tiles," ends and gives its name to the narrow little sunless street where he lives; and his house is in accordance with his sorrowful heart and sombre nature. It is weather-beaten and dingy; gloomy in its chill sunlessness rather than restful by reason of quiet shadows and calm silence; and, though old, has none of the picturesqueness of antiquity about it. "The roof formed three gables, and the moss and houseleek grew along the gutters and choked up the water-pipes"; and it stood on the "north side of the street, where it was never gladdened by the sun, and looked as if a perpetual cloud overshadowed it." In this gloomy house the melancholy bookseller lives with his honourable trade, his rare old volumes, his capable binder and humble friend Lawson—who has a genius in the way of gold-leaf, bevelled edges, and artistic "tooling"—his memories of his dead young wife, and his little girl Hester, nine years old when the story opens. This little girl is one of those premature children whom authors will go on trying to depict, though they are simply unrepresentable. When the best is done with them that can be done, they are no better than a caricature; and paternally-minded readers are always thinking what they should do were they afflicted with such elfish children in their nursery, and would probably choose cod-liver oil and a cheerful school as the best methods of exorcism known to them. Hester has been suffered to grow up without apparent training, if there has been more than sufficient restraint; and having no untoward humours, she has not developed into anything rude or coarse or wilful. On the contrary, her father's sadness has reacted on her, and produced the inevitable results of preternatural gravity, distressing leanness, big eyes, quaint sayings, and unchildlike religiosity. At this early age she knows the value of a promise; and when she makes her little vow to be always as a daughter to the light and shallow, vain and frivolous young woman whom John Morley brings home as his second wife, she holds its obligation binding on her when she reaches womanhood and has to judge and act for the best in all ways. We suppose that, if novelists conscientiously confined themselves to the facts and possibilities of human nature, what Mr. Henry Kingsley calls their "quaint trade" would soon come to an end; but, in spite of the necessity there seems to be for irration-

* *Hester Morley's Promise*. By Hester Stretton, Author of the "Doctor's Dilemma," &c. 3 vols. London: Henry S. King & Co. 1873.

ality, we cannot but think it a pity when interest is sought to be excited by a character or mode of thought and action out of keeping with normal experience. And though *Hester Morley's Promise* is carefully wrought in a literary sense, the characters do not strike us as thoroughly natural, however vividly portrayed.

We will take some of the principal persons in succession. First, there is John Morley himself, the dull, sorrow-stricken, and deeply religious man, deacon in a strict and godly community of a Calvinistic turn, who takes for his second wife a creature young enough to be his daughter, full of worldliness and levity, because he has conceived a passion for her which a person of his sect and temperament would have considered a temptation of Satan, and from whom he would have fled rather than have cherished her as a sweet and lovely gift of God and nature. Then, when this wife has dishonoured him, and he has lived his whole after-years in a condition of unresigned despair—which again would have been scarcely the fruits of his faith, or consistent with the heartfelt religiousness of his earlier presentation—he can undergo the strange complication of her death-bed. Hitherto he has allowed no one to mention her name before him, nor the name of Robert Waldron; but now he can kiss the dying child of her sin, dying in the arms of his own daughter, and in the presence of its father, his wife's former lover; and he can even, when Robert falls senseless, raise him in his arms, and, "with a woman's tenderness of touch, carry him into his own room and lay him upon his own bed." This sublime perfection of resignation at the end, which has been utterly wanting to him during the course of his trial, comes with a certain shock of inharmoniousness, at least to those who do not believe in sudden conversions. His marriage with a "daughter of Moab" at all was scarcely in keeping with his character and profession; his lifelong brooding over his misfortune was not more so; but this death-bed reconciliation is the strangest exposition of morbid and unnatural psychology that we have seen for a long while.

Is Rose the wife more natural? In the beginning light and silly, not in love with her husband and cherishing a sentimental fancy for Robert Waldron, it is perhaps likely enough that she should elope with the younger man when the temptation comes, but not likely that she should leave her lover surreptitiously before the birth of their child. She is a woman of no mental strength and of no delicacy of conscience; not bad so much as silly, and more vain than vicious. She proves both her want of power and her want of real conscience in the later scenes, when she sways hopelessly into Hester's hands and towards the husband she had not loved, because she is ill and friendless, and when she meets her seducer without shame or remorse. Such a woman would have clung to her lover with the tenacity of weakness. She would not have had either courage or sense of guilt strong enough to detach her at the very moment when she most needed support, or, if she had, she would have carried her burden to the last, and have been too strong for the pitiful part assigned her. We think the mingling of shallowness and fixity of purpose, of indifference in the past and spontaneous tenderness as time goes on, contradictory and not a true study of character. An author has a perfect right to make his people act as he pleases, but as the Gods themselves were bound by necessity, so is he bound by certain laws of art and science, and he has no right to make them act in any way inconsistent with themselves.

Again, would Mr. Waldron have countenanced for a moment the project of his son's marriage with Hester? It seems to us uncovenanted sinners a strangely indelicate idea that the man who had seduced the wife should wish to marry the daughter, though she is only a step-daughter. And it seems just as odd that a pillar of the Church, who objected to a daughter of Moab as a wife for one of his deacons, should not see as clearly as any ordinary gentleman would have seen that the marriage of his son and that deacon's daughter was utterly impossible under the circumstances. We greatly wonder that Miss Stretton should have chosen such a theme. Even in her cool, quiet, unfeverish hands it is but a doubtful one, and full of ugly suggestions.

We are no better pleased with the character of Miss Waldron than with some other things in this book. It is a spiteful portrait, and therefore badly done. A woman of uncertain age who makes love to the two young pastors in succession, and who shows such miserable jealousy and rancour, is not a pleasant person to contemplate. A little more tenderness and generosity in the handling would have made all the difference between a portrait spoiled by ill-nature and one redeemed by generous judgment. Some of the bits about her, however, are very good, though others, like the parcel of old clothes sent to Hester, are unworthy of the author, and more like Mrs. Henry Wood than Miss Hesba Stretton:—

Miss Waldron looked upon her brother's sin as a cross expressly constructed for herself, and weighing more heavily upon her than upon any one else. She grew a hundredfold more terrific in her Bible classes and mothers' meetings; and expatiated with extreme unction upon the judgments of Heaven. The religious poor generally enjoy being alarmed. They have been driven out of some of the strongholds of superstition, which are not without their charms; and they like to taste again the thrill and creep of awe, with which they were wont to glance back over their shoulders for the hobgoblins of former times. Miss Waldron invited them to peep with terror into the mysteries of Divine judgment; and she became popular with them. A great work began in her classes; and she said that her brother's fall had been the conversion of many souls.

The scene wherein little Hester in her white nightgown brings the letter of poor runaway Rose to the husband of the one sinner and the father of the other, and the way in which the two men meet face to face with their sorrow and their shame, is well done.

It is quiet and strong, simple and graphic, and has a praiseworthy absence of fine words. And Miss Stretton has well brought out the injustice of the different judgments passed by the world on the man and the woman when both have equally fallen. Hester's innocent wonder why it should be so is a very true little trait; and where much is strained, these smaller touches of nature, these finer points of truth, are very welcome. The character of Lawson, dreamer and would-be murderer, though a mere sketch, has perhaps most consistency and power. But we wonder why he did not finish his work, after his first failure, on Robert. He had plenty of opportunities; and in the unsatisfactory state of the police and of public opinion in Little Aston he might have knocked him on the head in his master's house more effectually than he did before his door, and with as complete impunity. The strange coincidence of his murderous blow failing twice, once on Robert and once on Rose, shows a certain paucity of invention that we are sorry to see. Besides, a man like Lawson, who had dedicated himself to revenge, would not have been balked. One failure would not have been final, and the very craziness of his muddled brain would have helped to concentrate and intensify his design.

On the whole, we fancy that Miss Stretton is better for short stories than for three-volume novels. She has scarcely staying power enough to carry her without mishap to the end of a long endeavour; but she is almost perfect in her shorter sketches, and she has a singularly tender and pleasant method. We are sorry, however, to have to note one or two grammatical inaccuracies, such as "different to," "falling upon" a lower thing, and some others; and we are surfeited with repetitions, such as that of the various personages shutting themselves up in their own rooms whenever things go amiss, or they get into perplexity and trouble. Nevertheless with all its faults, and we have not spared them, *Hester Morley's Promise* has its own special charm—of manner rather than of matter, it must be understood. Miss Stretton would do well to avoid all the tumultuous themes of crime and passion; hers is essentially the style corresponding to the "pearly grey" of a painter, quiet, refined, subdued, but neither cold nor uninteresting. Into such a style as this it is a terrible mistake to import the glaring colours of murder and adultery; descriptions of respectable old village-towns like Little Aston, and of scholarly tradesmen like John Morley, are more to the purpose artistically, and infinitely more refreshing and delightful to the reader.

GERMAN LITERATURE.

THE most important part of the second volume of F. Spiegel's great work on Ancient Persia* is devoted to the religion of the country. The author retracts his former opinion that the dualism of the Zendavesta represents a transition from polytheism to monotheism, and is rather inclined to regard it as a development of the latter creed, occasioned by the difficulty of accounting for the origin of evil. He seems even disposed to adopt Kossovitz's view of the monotheistic character of Zoroastrianism at the period of the Behistun rock inscriptions, which would fix the origin of the dualistic theology at some point in the interval between Darius Hystaspes and Alexander the Great. The modifications in Persian thought he considers due to Semitic influence. He strongly suspects the belief in the sole and uncreated deity of Ormuzd to have been derived from the Semites, and asserts the Semitic origin of the doctrine of the resurrection of the body as taught in the Zendavesta. Many of the points of resemblance between the Zoroastrian and other theologies are sufficiently striking, especially in the sacramental system of the former, and in its eschatology. It is also startling to encounter the doctrine of the Roman Church respecting works of supererogation, and their application towards remedying the deficiencies of the pious. In the first section of his treatise Herr Spiegel discusses the character of the extra-mundane, and as it should seem impersonal, divinities, Boundless Time, Space, Light, and Darkness. Then follows the account of Ormuzd, who cannot in the writer's opinion be identified with any other Aryan divinity, and of the beneficent spirits called into being by him. The third chapter treats of Ahriman, in Herr Spiegel's opinion as distinctively a creation of the Persian mind as Ormuzd, and of his retinue of demons. The designation of these by the word which in Sanscrit denotes Gods is probably a vestige of the ancient schism of the Persian from the Indian religion, and a parallel case to the alteration effected by Christianity in the signification of *δαίμων*. The next principal division of the volume is devoted to the obscure and interesting subject of Persian sects and heretics; especially the Zervanites, or deniers of the self-existence of the evil principle, and the Manicheans. In this part of his work the author has made much use of Arabic authorities. The second half of the volume is occupied by a clear and interesting sketch, evincing political insight as well as erudition, of Persian history from the commencement of the Achaemenian dynasty to the subversion of the Empire by Alexander the Great.

In the preparation of his learned work on the Epistles of Ignatius, Dr. Zahn† has been indebted to the unpublished labours of the late K. F. Arndt, whose treatise was completed for the

* *Eränsche Alterthumskunde*. Von Fr. Spiegel. Bd. 2. Leipzig: Engelmann. London: Williams & Norgate.

† *Ignatius von Antiochien*. Von Theodor Zahn. Gotha: Perthes. London: Asher & Co.

press so long since as 1831. Since that period the interest in the subject has been revived by the late Dr. Cureton's discovery of an ancient Syriac version, to which, however, Continental scholarship has in general refused the importance at one time accorded to it in England. Gratifying as it would be to be able to believe ourselves in possession of the authentic text of so venerable a monument of Christian antiquity, we must acknowledge that Dr. Zahn's arguments against the originality of the Syriac text are irresistible; its meagreness and inconsecutiveness manifestly stamp it as a mere epitome. It may be feared that he is less successful in his vindication of the genuineness of the shorter Greek recension of the Epistles. Apart from such stumbling-blocks as the allusions to Gnostic heresies, and the impossibility of the development of episcopal pretensions to so vast an extent at so early a period, the letters are formal and polemical, utterly devoid of the lively touches of feeling which the situation of the writer would naturally have called forth, and of any signs of intimate acquaintance with the congregations which he is supposed to address. They seem almost ludicrously inadequate to their professed design of affording comfort and encouragement to a persecuted Church; but it is easy to see why they may subsequently have been concocted for doctrinal purposes. When, indeed, after a lecture to the Trallians on the duty of utter, even abject, dependence upon their bishop, he assures them that his expostulation is dictated, not by any immediate necessity, but by a presentiment that it may be useful at a future time, the manufactured character of the entire address seems almost too plain for argument. Dr. Zahn is ingenious and acute in his criticism on the Longer Recension, which he maintains to have been unknown to Eusebius, and to have been fabricated between A.D. 360 and 380 by Acacius, or some other eminent Arian theologian, for controversial purposes. It is somewhat difficult to understand how the forgery of a defeated party could have obtained such general currency. The latter part of the volume consists of a study of Ignatius as a theologian and an ecclesiastic, the value of which must depend upon the authenticity of the writings attributed to him. Dr. Zahn's views on these points are not always lucidly expressed, and his treatment of the subject is much too prolix.

Madlle. Ludmilla Assing has not found it convenient to state on the title-page of her edition of "Gentz's Diary" * that three-fourths of the first volume is merely a reprint of a publication brought out by herself twelve years ago. Yet such is the fact; the Diary, down to the end of 1814, having been published in 1861. The lady, however, has carefully provided that purchasers of the former edition shall derive no benefit from this circumstance, by including the Diary for 1815 in the present volume, thus compelling them, unless they are willing to put up with an imperfect set, to buy the remainder over again. It may be questioned whether the object would warrant the outlay; at all events it should be clearly understood that the impending publication will probably be very voluminous, and the proportion of chaff to wheat much more considerable than formerly. The Diary to the end of 1814 exists only in the shape of an abstract made by Gentz himself, who had rejected whatever he considered uninteresting. He did not carry this abridgment further, and the remainder of the journal, to the end of 1828, is inevitably full of insignificant details, not one of which do we expect Madlle. Assing will spare us. To vend rubbish at the price of history would seem to be the final cause of this lady's being, and the triumph of her art. At the same time the ocean of triviality will no doubt contain some real pearls, which may profitably be fished for by those who are fortunate enough to obtain an inspection of her volumes gratis. There is not much of interest so far in the new portion of the Diary, beyond the additional touches contributed to the unique portrait of the diarist, with his magnificent intellect and childish foibles, his political courage and personal cowardice, his selfishness and generosity, his laboriousness and effeminacy, the dignified eloquence of his mercenary pen, the strange alliance in him of the cynicism of a political adventurer with the enthusiasm of a patriot.

A Treatise on the Greek Verb, by Georg Curtius †, is no doubt an important work in a philological point of view, but it is extremely technical, and of purely grammatical interest. The first volume, a good ordinary octavo, embraces in the writer's conception about half the subject. This prolixity is in some degree excused by the comprehensiveness of the field of inquiry, which now extends more or less to the formation of the verb in all Aryan languages.

The name of Wilhelm Dindorf is a sufficient guarantee for the merits of his Lexicon to Æschylus ‡, of which it is only necessary to say further that it is preceded by a short preface treating of the MSS. of Æschylus and the condition of the text.

Dr. Arnoldt's work on the choral parts of Aristophanes § is an examination of the manner in which these were brought upon the stage, involving the endeavour to distribute the choral songs among individual speakers where they do not appear to have been recited by the whole body of the performers.

Dr. Hartel's studies on Homeric prosody || relate principally to

the lengthening of short syllables before liquids. Three-fifths of the instances in which this takes place cannot, Herr Hartel says, be explained, unless on the assumption of some peculiarity in the pronunciation of liquids in Greek, the nature of which he endeavours to investigate.

The second volume of Dr. Bastian's "Ethnological Researches" * is, like the first, an undigested mass of information, chiefly serviceable inasmuch as it brings information scattered through an entire library of travel into the manageable compass of a single volume. The first section treats of the migrations of the American nations, the second of the aboriginal inhabitants of Africa, divided into groups, the third of the historical revolutions which have affected the Turanian race in Central Asia. An appendix adduces facts respecting the theology and psychology of barbarous nations. A more indefatigable compiler than Dr. Bastian never existed, but there seems less and less prospect of his proving himself to be anything more.

A Guide to Constantinople †, prepared by the Director of the Imperial Museum, at the instance of the Minister of Public Works, cannot fail to be serviceable to the visitor to that city. From the writer's official position he is better acquainted than most with the Ottoman department of his subject, while he appears by no means inattentive to classical and Byzantine antiquities. He incidentally mentions several unpublished Greek MSS. in the public library which he has had the opportunity of consulting—all, however, of a late period of the Byzantine epoch.

A companion volume to the foregoing, but executed on a larger scale, and including a much greater variety of topics, is devoted to the city and province of Smyrna. Dr. von Scherzer ‡, the Austrian Consul-General, has brought to this task the industry and accuracy formerly displayed in the compilation of his well-known volumes on Oriental commercial statistics, and has obtained the assistance of competent auxiliaries. Professor First, for instance, has contributed a valuable Report on the intellectual and educational condition of Smyrna, which appears to be by no means unsatisfactory so far as the Christian population, whether indigenous or immigrant, is concerned. The Turkish schools are naturally backward, partly owing to the dearth of teachers, partly to the apathy of the population. However little the political results of Greek independence may have hitherto corresponded to expectation, there seems no doubt of its immense moral effect in not only uniting the Greeks as a nation, but in inspiring them with a spirit which has prompted the most strenuous efforts and devoted sacrifices in the cause of intellectual culture, which is rapidly rendering them the preponderant race throughout Asia Minor. Of the Turk personally Dr. Scherzer and his coadjutors entertain the most favourable opinion; he is sober, honest, affable and tolerant, but intellectually unfit to maintain the struggle with his quick-witted competitor, and exceedingly at a disadvantage from his exclusive liability to military service. The relations of the various races among each other are represented as very amicable on the whole. The larger part of the work is devoted to commercial statistics, both as regards the immense and undeveloped resources of the country and the competition of the manufacturing countries of Europe for the import trade. Agriculture is in a backward condition, and likely to remain so until the means of communication are improved, and as long as the bad system of farming out the taxes is persisted in. The volume is accompanied by an agricultural map, showing the nature of the produce raised in the various districts of the province.

Books of travel and other works relating to the Baltic provinces of Russia have of late been usually prompted by national feeling, either in the form of sympathy on the part of Germans for their oppressed countrymen, or of the disposition of the latter to proclaim their grievances. Paul Hunfalvy's § visit to the country was dictated by similar motives, not however bearing reference to the Germans, but to the Estonians, the long separated and almost forgotten kindred of the writer's Hungarian countrymen. The Ugrian affinities of the latter are, he complains, generally unknown or ignored in Hungary, and he is at some pains to establish the point by unimpeachable philological evidence. The literary part of his work is indeed the most valuable, for the principal interest at present attaching to the humble and inoffensive Estonians relates to the efforts now being made to preserve their nationality by the revival of their language, the publication of its ancient remains, and the creation of a popular literature. By far the most important work in Estonian is the national epos, the *Kalewipoeg*, a poem, or rather a collection of ballads, in 19,000 verses, in which the mythical traditions of the race are embalmed, bearing great analogy to the Finnish *Kalewala*. The original text was edited in 1857 by Kreuzwald; a German translation appeared in 1862; and Mr. Baring Gould has given some account of it for English readers in *Fraser's Magazine*. M. Hunfalvy enumerates the chief works in Estonian—principally, of course, of an antiquarian or educational character—which have appeared of late years, and gives an abstract of a pretty story of village life by Madlle. Lydia

* *Tagebücher*. Von Friedrich von Gentz. Bd. 1. Leipzig: Brockhaus. London: Asher & Co.

† *Das Verbum der griechischen Sprache, seinem Bau nach dargestellt*. Von Georg Curtius. Bd. 1. Leipzig: Hirzel. London: Asher & Co.

‡ *Lexicon Æschyleum*. Editio G. Dindorfus. Fasc. 1. Leipzig: Teubner. London: Asher & Co.

§ *Die Chortypen des Aristophanes scenisch erläutert*. Von Dr. R. Arnoldt. Leipzig: Teubner. London: Asher & Co.

|| *Homeric Studies. Beiträge zur Homerischen Prosodie und Metrik*. Berlin: Vahlen. London: Asher & Co.

* *Ethnologische Forschungen und Sammlung von Material für dieselben*. Von Dr. A. Bastian. Bd. 2. Jena: Costenoble. London: Asher & Co.

† *Der Bosphor und Constantinopel*. Von Dr. P. A. Dethier. Wien: Hölder. London: Asher & Co.

‡ *Smyrna. Mit besonderer Rücksicht auf die geographischen, wirtschaftlichen und intellectuellen Verhältnisse von Vorderkleinasien*. Bearbeitet von Dr. C. Scherzer. Wien: Hölder. London: Williams & Norgate.

§ *Reise in den Ostseeprovinzen Russlands*. Von Paul Hunfalvy. Frei aus dem Ungarischen. Leipzig: Duncker & Humblot. London: Williams & Norgate.

Jannsen, the only modern work of imagination in the language, except the poems of the same author. A comprehensive Dictionary has been recently published by Herr Wiedemann, who is now engaged upon a grammar. Five newspapers and other periodicals are published, with a collective circulation of about 7,000 copies. The population being estimated at 600,000, it would certainly appear that the Estonians are not a reading people. Much, however, is being done to remedy the depressed state of education among them, and M. Hunfalvy apparently does not consider that the nationality is in serious danger of absorption. On questions of administration he sides in general with the German protest against the Russian Government's neglect of its treaty obligations and fraudulent religious propaganda; his language, however, is extremely moderate.

Wolfgang Helbig's * extremely interesting work on the mural decorations of Pompeii, and other remains of Campanian art, is, according to the author's own account, principally designed to establish a criterion of distinction between the original works of artists of the Imperial period and their imitations of their predecessors; and, in the second place, to show that the objects of these imitations or reproductions usually belong to the period of Alexander and his successors. The investigation of this latter proposition necessitates a copious inquiry into the characteristics of the art of this latter epoch—its realism on the one hand, its endeavour to express vague and indefinable sentiment on the other—its voluptuousness and sensationalism, counterbalanced by a more lively perception of the charms of inanimate nature than had been known to the classical age of Grecian art. The loss of all examples of Hellenic painting compels the author to have recourse to the remains of Alexandrian literature, and he shows at great length that the landscape backgrounds and other subordinate details of Pompeian pictures frequently correspond with remarkable accuracy to the poetical descriptions of Theocritus, Apollonius Rhodius, and the epigrammatists. He adduces reasons for considering that the miniatures of the Vatican Virgil and the word-pictures of Nonnus are reproduced or modified from Alexandrian originals. The inquiry consequently takes a very wide range, and the interest of the book is by no means confined to archaeological subjects. The general tendency of Herr Helbig's criticism is to depreciate the inventiveness of the artists of the Roman Imperial period, and to represent them as mainly dependent upon their predecessors for their subjects, although the merit of their execution is admitted. In fact, the exhaustion of all motives derivable from the ancient mythology rendered this inferiority inevitable in the higher walks of art; but the busts and coins of sovereigns, the battle-scenes of Trajan's column, and even the performance of the Pompeian artists in *genre* and humorous subjects prove what ability remained for the treatment of the realistic aspects of ordinary life, and indicate what might have been expected if, as in modern times, a Dutch school of art had succeeded an Italian.

The distinction of Dr. Max Wirth† as Statistician-General of Switzerland, and as a writer on subjects of public economy in general, promises well for the success of Meyer's "German Annual" under his editorship. The work is designed to afford a complete conspectus of the intellectual life of Europe for the year, especially in the departments of science, industry, and political economy. This has been admirably performed, and the articles are especially valuable for the mass of statistical information which they contain. There are also creditable contributions on the fine arts, and on the chief literary productions of the year. The general survey of politics is hardly sufficiently copious, and the preponderance, excusable but unduly, accorded to German affairs in this and other departments of the work, has not escaped the observation of the editor, who promises that it shall be remedied in future issues.

* *Untersuchungen über die Campanische Wandmalerei.* Von Wolfgang Helbig. Leipzig: Breitkopf & Härtel. London: Williams & Norgate.
† *Meyer's Deutsches Jahrbuch.* Herausgegeben von Max Wirth. Jahrg. 2. Hildburghausen. Verlag des Instituts. London: Trübner & Co.

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